CARTOONS

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JUNE 1971
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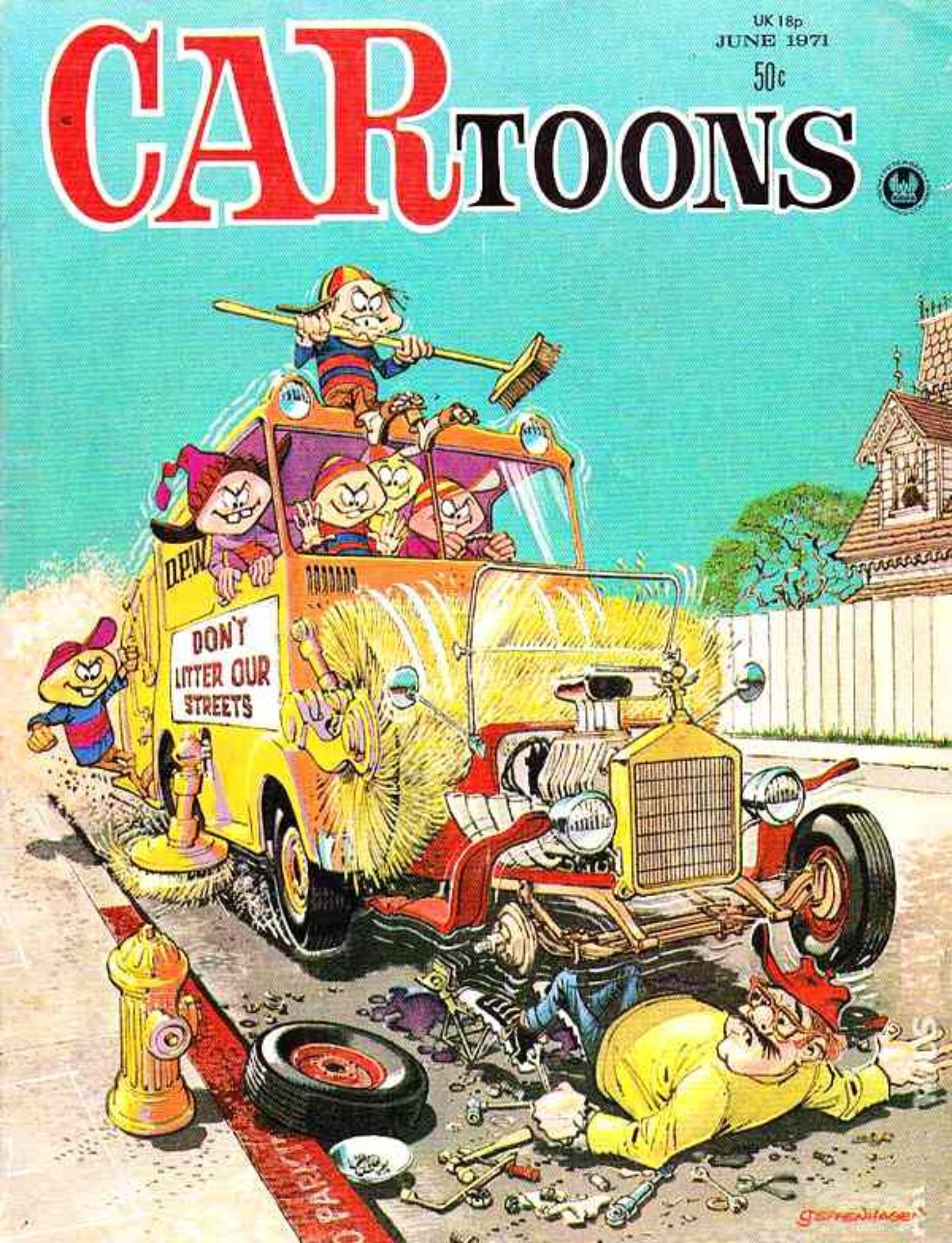

June 1971
Number Fifty-Nine

CARTOONS

KENNETH M. BAYLESS/Publisher — ERV ROSEN/Editorial Director
JACK BONESTELL/Editor — MARIANNE DEL MAR/Secretary

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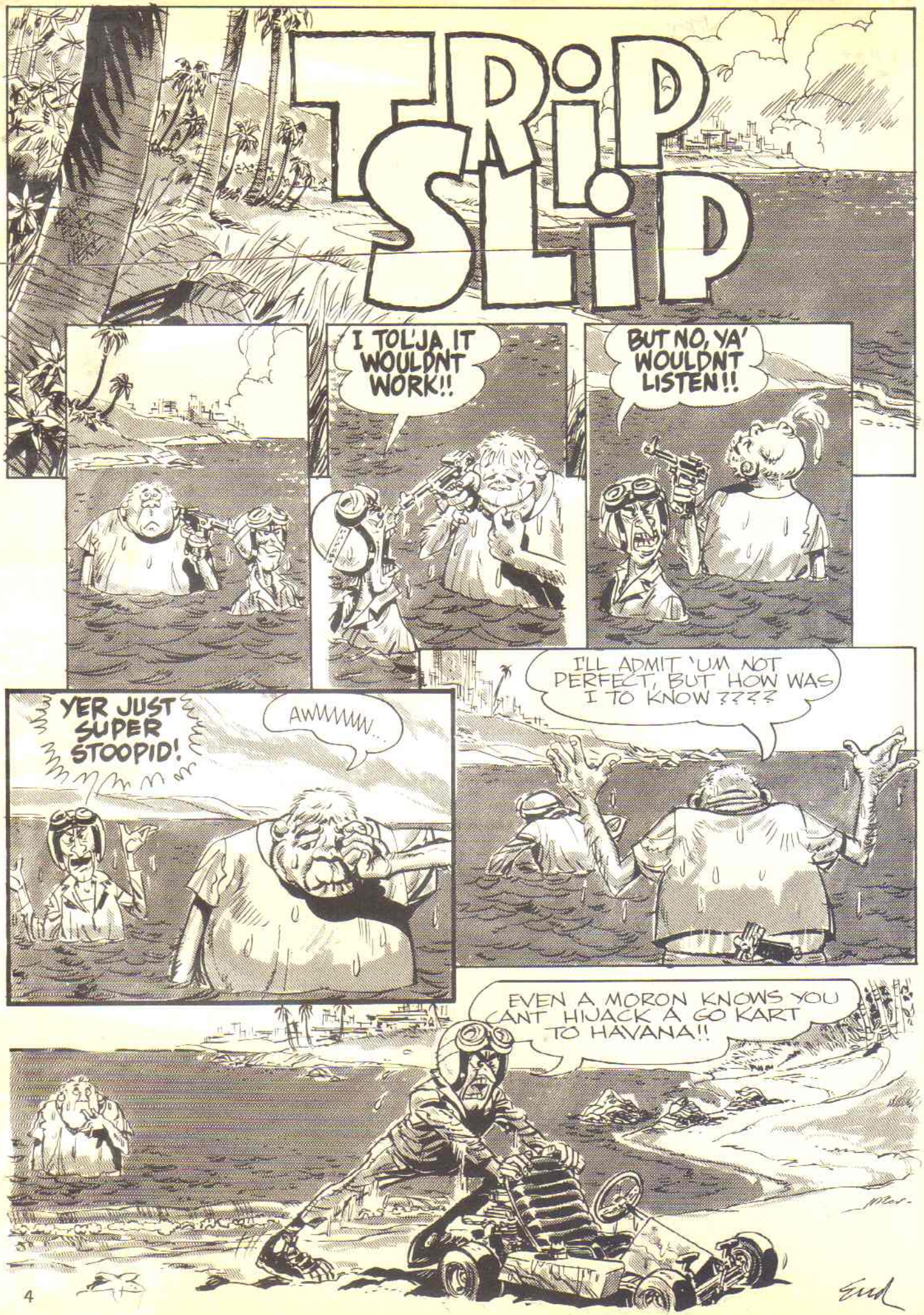

TRIP SLIP
I TOL'JA IT WOULDNT WORK!!
BUT NO, YA' WOULDNT LISTEN!!
I'LL ADMIT 'UM NOT PERFECT, BUT HOW WAS I TO KNOW ????
YER JUST SUPER STOOPID!
AWWWWW...
EVEN A MORON KNOWS YOU CANT HIJACK A GO KART TO HAVANA!!

Hey Unk: I'm very different from other girls at our school. I like to work on cars! My dad has a '63 Chevy pickup. It's the greatest. We never have to gas it up except every 1 or 2 months. It goes like anything. It goes up to 193 m.p.h. I have a cousin that is a Highway Patrol cop. I think it's lots of fun to check peoples' speed. I have a registered Shetland Pony, and he goes 35 m.p.h. The speed limit where I live is no higher than 30 m.p.h. When I think a car is going too fast and I'm riding my horse, I put him in a gallop and race the car, and if my horse can't beat them, I tell them I'll sick my cousin on them so they go the right speed.

GERRI KINNEY (11)
1094 rey Circle
Chico, Calif. 95926

Dear Unk and all you mislead children out there: I read your mag and heard of all these readers talk about blowin' the doors off each other. All I can say is that I don't think it too sociable to insult each other. It would be much better to have a race. Then you could prove who's best instead of just sayin' it. Incidentally, I have a 3½ horse mini; anyone wanna drag? I don't like writin' much, but if any chicks wanna break my habit, just send an envelope (with a letter in it, of course) and I'll try to answer it.

CARL GILES, JR. (14)
1074 Arbutus Way
Laurence Harbor,
New Jersey 08879

Just thought I'd write to let all you hot rod smarties know you don't have it all. Like I've got a '68 Chevy wagon, 327, 275 hp engine, power steering, brakes, powerglide, 4-barrel, plus power rear window. This bomb gets 12 plus MPG if I don't push it too hard, and only uses a quart of oil a week. Plus Sears radial tires (855-14) and a luggage rack. Plus air conditioning. My wife has had it on 70, and just the other day, I had it on 75. I've had the plugs out twice, and carb and timing set, and she runs like a clock when she's warmed up. (put a new gasket on the thermostat housing, too) Finally talked to the previous owner few weeks ago, and found out he had a valve job done, and carb jets replaced or something. Sold me the service manual, and already I've checked the automatic choke out. Now you jet pilots may sneer at me, but I think it's the hottest thing since my '64, which had power steering. So there.

JOHN ELLIS
4904 Conestoga Road
Virginia Beach, Va. 23462

My brother has a hairy '57 Chevy that rules the street. It has dual exhausts, tach, bucket seats, Hurst shifter, Hooker headers, mags—painted navy blue, and will do 155. I have a partnership with a friend of mine that owns a Corvette. We are installing the risers, and the Hurst shifter.

D. C. WEHERLEY (14)
809 East Somers
Eaton, Ohio 45320

Hey Unk: I invented a varmint eradicator. Here's the recipe: Two cans of used STP, a couple of used sneakers, a gallon of nitro, and the secret ingredient, one of my mother's cakes. (They kill rats, and rats is varmints, ain't they?). Mix it all together, pre-heat the stove to 350 degrees, cook for two minutes. Then mix it in their cornflakes.

RONALD CLANTON
Route One
Leesburg, Alabama 35983

Yer gonna lose a few brownies with Mom when she reads this.

I think Randy Bowers and Roger Craig caught somethin' from them Varmints. In Bowers' letter, he said his brother had a "Fuel-injected 390 chev. mill." Could you please tell me how he got that "390" Chevy mill into a VW? Also, Roger Craig said in his letter that his friend has a '70 Road Runner with a "429". Mopar NEVER made a "429," nor did Chevy make a "390." When Unkie was just a little kid, he was so ugly, his mother stuck him in a corner and fed him with a slingshot.

JON REYNOLDS (16)
126 2nd St.
Cary, Illinois 60013

How horribly hard core.

Moogaloonie Mailbag

Letters appearing here are from readers wanting to CARespond with other Moogaloonie Mailbag readers.

— First-Prize letter, $5. Second, $3. Third, $2. —

Hey Unk: I got a friend who owns an Edsel, and he spends every day lookin' fer a muffler, but he can't find one. So, we gave it a decent burial. Any girl wanting pics of the funeral, write.

"BIG" JOE (15) Or
TRICKY MICKIE known
as "LITTLE" FRANKIE
(16)
10166 E. Daines Dr.
Temple City, Calif. 91780

A tender 'lay-away' plan indeed.

Unk: I just couldn't stand all these people braggin' about how bad their cars are. I thought I'd write to the mag and brag about mine a little bit, too. I've got a '64 Chevelle "302" with a Borg Warner close ratio 4-speed. It's been bored and it's got aluminum pistons, ported and polished heads, Hooker headers, Edlebrock high rise with two fours, Crane cam, Mallory ignition system, 4:56 gears. It'll go high 11's in a quarter and pull the wheels in the first two gears. It's bad, "No Brag Just Facts." For all you Ford lovers, CHEVYS RULE.

JEFF McCOY (17)
104 Aspen Avenue
Frankfort, Kentucky 40601

I have a '66 Chevy BelAir four door sedan. It's a beige color, white side wall tires, 283 cube engine with a two barrel carb, and it puts out a whopping 195 horses. It has a powerglide tranny with a 3:08 rear end. It'll do 72 miles an hour in low range. I drag all kinds of six cylinder autos and hardly ever get beat.

NICKY RICOTTILLI (21)
201 Beechurst Ave.
Morgantown, W. Va. 26505

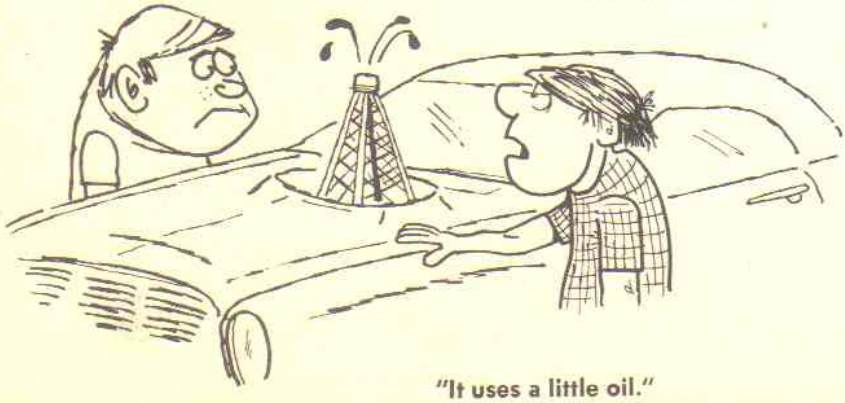
Unk: Man, I'm what you guys call a real dumb-dame, (where it comes to cars, I mean). I can change a tire, steer, and turn on the car radio, but that's about as far as it goes! I've read your mag a couple of times, and now I know LESS about cars than I did before I saw your mag. I thought you guys might print this letter if I pleaded enough. I mean, how are the girls like me gonna learn anything about cars if someone doesn't tell them? Any of you readers out there that know anything much about cars and wanna tell someone else, just write me. I'll read anything good! And if ya wanna send a picture, go ahead. I'll probably send one of me back (though it's not worth it). So let me get a couple of good letters, 'cause I gotta learn more about cars if I expect to get myself one in 2 or 3 years. I'll even listen to some of you guys brag about your cars!

SUE BARNER (14½)
18 Eileen Drive
Rensselaer, New York 12144

Sounds fair 'nuff.

I'm here in Eskimoland laughing my head off at some of these creeps who say they got the badest cars in the world. Outside in my igloo, I got sitting 12 Siberian huskies, a sled with 3½ Hp. Briggs and Stratton that'll even out-run da fuzy. When I get to a warmer climate, I get in my '69 Goat 455 hydro, 450 hp, Headman, Holley 950, Offenhauser, 411 rear end, Schaefer clutch, gun, Muncie 4-speed, aluminum flywheel, ram-air induction. If my set-up seems unbelievable, ya send yer complaints to me.

ESKIMO (19)
1605 Nunaka Avenue
Anchorage, Alaska 99504



"It uses a little oil."

I am a lonely Marine stationed in Okinawa. There is only one problem about being here. I don't get any mail. I would like any girl from the ages of 17-20 to write me. I also like Javelin AMX and the AMX-3. I think they will be the number one car before long. So the rest of you car lovers had better stand by.

L/CPL JAMES LAYNE
2529586
HQ Battery 3/12 3rd Mar
Div. FMF
FPO San Francisco, Calif.
96602

To those 897 servicemen who have sent me letters, I thank you. To those I haven't as yet answered, I'm sorry. I haven't forgotten any of those in Vietnam. I care. And to you, "Moogaloonie Mailbag," thank you for giving me the opportunity of letting these servicemen know someone back home still cares. Thank you.

DARLENE FIO RITO
6219 W. Warwick
Chicago, Illinois 60634

And we thank YOU, Darlene.

Do varmints eat rifles? I think I got one in mine! One more thing, if you run across any girls that ain't got anything better to do than write letters, have 'em try the address below. I got nothing but time! Would you believe 146 days? And for all you crazy lovers with super-charged Chevies, Fords, and assorted other tin-cans, wanna drag? I got an EDSEL!

L/CPL STEVEN D. LUSK
(21) 2455102 U.S.M.C.
HDQU Co. – 7th ENGR.
BN. (REIN.)
BN GUARD
FPO San Francisco, Calif.
96602

I just saw an amazin' thing! I was workin' at my uncle's service station when a guy drove up in a car that was half '65 GTO and half CHEVY PICKUP. The front was a GTO body, up to the back of the front seat, and the rest was a Chevy Pickup box. It had a 427 Chevy mill and a Hurst shifter. Amazin', ain't it?

GARY CARPENTER (14)
Rt. 1 Box 81
Alta Loma, Texas 77510

Absolutely.

I figured my rat, (Fred), needed some faster action, so I built a mag-powered unicycle and put it in my shrink machine. Turned out to be a bad scene. Fred popped 4 wheels, so I had to put more tires on. It turned out really tuff! He can take any hunk o' cheese he wants. And Unk, if you don't print this, I'll tell Melvin you're hiding chocolate covered torque wrenches in your back pocket.

JESSE ROOT (12)
2104 Bowman
Austin, Texas 78703

You wouldn't.

Unk: I am writing this for all foreign car lovers. I have a 1958 Fiat 600, 4 cylinder semi-race cam, traction bars, J. C. Whitney's dyno-tuned headers, and Hi-Performance racing pistons. It is painted red-white-blue and is called THE STONE AGE Special. Eat your heart out, American car lovers.

CHARLES HUNSICKER, JR.
45 West fifth Street
Bridgeport, Pa. 19405

Figure this one out: I'm in Germany (U.S. Army). My ride has 1200 cubic inches with 285 horsepower with Advel fuel injection system, 2-speed transmission. It has a cruising range of 300 miles at 45 miles per hour. It has a fuel capacity of 375 gallons of J.P. 4 type fuel, dual straight exhaust, 4 passenger seating capacity, 4 channel stereo radio, 4 door hard top. It makes dune buggies look like tricycles! The crankcase holds 18 gallons of oil. 20 road wheels, track tested, it's qualified combat ready — Uncle Sam calls it a 52 top tank. My mail box has cob webs in every corner from lack of use. Girls, get busy.

PFC ROD BURGAD (20)
Co. C, 2 Bn, 64 ARMOR
APO New York 09702

I'd like to say: At all big-time drags, Dodge and Plymouth 426 hemis are in 95 percent of all aa/FD and Funny cars, and the hemi is in 99.999 percent of the winners cars.

CRAIG CHRISTENSEN
Rt. 1 Box 82
Meridian, Calif. 95957

To all fellow G.I.'s: Happy Et's! Onto the pertinent subject. Three guys in Reynolds Army Hospital at Ft. Sill put down some knucklehead who said his 440 Olds (395 horse, supercharged, fuel-injected, 4 bbl, 4-speed) ran the ¼ in 6.6. I would like to know when they turned the clock on. I was at Epping, H.H. (New England Dragway) on Aug. 7, 1970, for the running of #7 in the NHRA Grand American series. For times and speeds, you may check SUPER STOCK Magazine, Nov. '71 issue. Anyway, the only cars in the six-second bracket were Funnies.

AMN NORMAN E.
FIELDS, JR.

Unk: I read yer rag every night. I gave it to da trash man and he wouldn't take it. I even said I'd pay him $5.00 to take it away. He still wouldn't take it, so I dumped it on a kid fer 2 cents. I got "CARtoons" all over the house. I even got some in my rabbit cage. I gave some to my friend fer his hamster cage. I dig Fords, Chevies, Mustangs, Road Runners, Corvette Stingrays, GTO's, Plymouths, and Camaros. If you don't print this letter, I'll tell Melvin to eat your car.

STEPHEN MARTIN (10)
130 Norris St.
Albany, New York

Yer rotten to the core sir.

Dear Unk: Why ain't there no FEMALE varmints? I auto report ya to Womans Lib!

SUE MARTIN
1306 Nassau
Plainview, Texas 79072

You, Sue, are a trouble maker.

Sorry, no subscriptions. On stand sales only.

How come the varmints don't get sick from eating all sorts of trash? They must have STP to drink afterward, 'cause it helps with all sorts of "Indy"-gestion. Those varmints are over-running my house. They came out of your last issue and hit my house like a hurricane. They shrank me down to 4 inches and put me in a baby doll's playpen upside down. Somehow, I escaped and they can't find me. Yesterday I hid in a door knob. I'm writing this letter from the piano leg where I'm hiding out. If you tell those varmints where I'm hiding out, I'll pour drag slick dust and STP down your mouth.

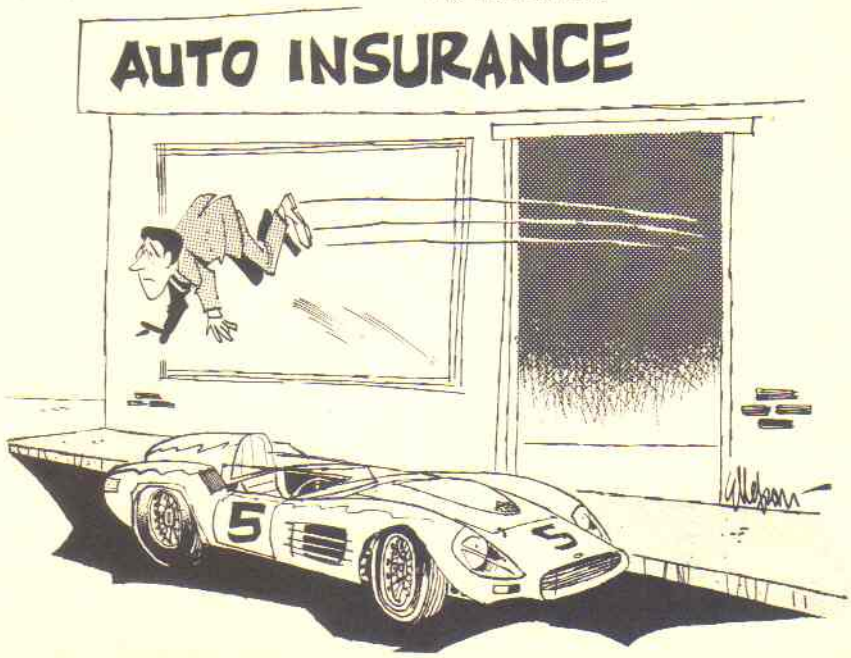
GREG YOUNG
1861 Circle Road
Balto, Md. 21204

Yummy.

Hey Unk: Here's a word to all the big-shots who brag about their big super-cars. Who ever heard of a Volksie with two 429's, ram air, 4 barrel carbs, 12 ft. slicks, and does 352 MPH in 3 seconds in the quarter? We all know that the biggest car built is my peanut pusher. A '62 Pontiac Tempest, auto trans, 4 cylinder engine. It does 100 MPH, TOP END! Something is wrong with the trans. It makes a funny sound when I shift from DRIVE to REVERSE at 55 MPH. It will outrun any stock lawn mower that wants to take me on!

JIM BURCH
10960 Sanford
Milan, Michigan 48160

But could you tackle the mower on our back cover?



MOOGALOONIE MAIL — it's your BAG

We're running a mill, pure stock, that can't be beat. It's got 75,000 horses and an automatic tranny that's really wild. Our drive train is out of sight. Our system is strictly straight injection with fuel and oil pan that holds 1800 gallons of 2190. If you want the shock of your life, just fool with our generator. You'll get 117 volts worth. Our twin accelerator set up (1 Ford + 1 Rev) is crazy. We run our mill on the biggest drag strip you'd want to gaze your eyes on and our competition comes from all over the world. We move so quick that one hour we are in Spain and 7 hours later where the action is — Jordan. Care to try and shut us down? We dare you. Our quickest E.T. is 37.3 sec. in the quarter. Our engine, well, it's safely stored away in the pit and it's lonely there without any mail. We sure would like some from any female types who want to send it. Come on now! What's 6¢ once in a while? It's no bull about our engine. It's on an aircraft carrier now in the Mediterranean. We are waiting for your letters.

JOHN GIPSON FN
B757145
BARRY KNIGHT FN
B119615
M-Division #1 MMR
U.S.S. INDEPENDENCE
(CVA-62)
c/o FPO, New York,
New York 09501

BRIAN ROLLINS FN
A-6 Division (Machine Shop)
U.S.S. INDEPENDENCE
(CVA-62)
c/o FPO, New York,
New York 09501

Dear Unk: I have a 1966 Ford Fairlane. It has a 352 cu. in. mill. I recently overhauled it and installed a Sig Erson ¾ cam and some Mickey Thompson pop-up pistons. I have a stock Autolight carb. (4 barrel) which I'm getting perfect performance. It's not the fastest, but it is fast. Any Chevies want to try her through the old *1320* once or twice?

JOHNNY SIEVERT
Box 338
Giddings, Texas

Address your wiggy words of wisdom to:
MOOGALOONIE MAILBAG
8490 Sunset Blvd.
Los Angeles, Calif. 90069

Hey Unk: I got to ask ya fer some advice. My Pop bought me two 1928 Model A Ford Pickups. One of them we restored and the other I want to make a rod out of, but my pop don't want to. What should I do?

MIKE ZAMORK (12)
461 Van Rensselean
Utica, New York 13502

Pout a lot.

I'm really boss, man! I got 2 boss rods. They're really boss, like me, man. I got a lot of boss ideas. I'm a real cool cat, dig? I like to trump on Fords. I'm really the bossest! I sure could use some mail from some female type chicks. I'm a real boss G.I. hero type just out of the Guard. As soon as I get a little coin, I'm going to buy some souped-up carbs and a hood scoop. Me and my rods are the "King of Bossness."

JOHNNY HAGER (20)
6653 Kenwood Drive
St. Louis, Missouri

We're convinced, man. Yer boss, man, bossss.

Unkie: I dig cars, but I don't have one. The closest thing I have to a car is my little sister's souped up tricycle on which she bombs around. Anybody that has something to talk about, both boys and girls, please write to me, and I guarantee an answer.

THOMAS E. BYRNE
48 Petry Drive
Hanover, New Jersey 07936

I'm against womens' lib. Now I ask you: If you woke up one mornin' an' it was "Aunt An' Them Varmints," it would kinda shake ya all, wouldn't it?

JACK ROBERTS (14)
3338 West 56th Street
Cleveland, Ohio 44102

Truly.

You all think you're big and bad with your 'Vettes and 'Stangs. My dad had a (get this) station wagon that sucked Chevys and Fords up the exhaust and used it for fuel. Put minds back to 1962 (if possible). Dodge took the first 4 places at the Daytona 500. Well, this station wagon had that same engine plus a hot cam. To prove it, we left a 'Vette suckin' his thumb at a green light and did 0 to 90 in the one-quarter mile. But as the story goes, we had to get rid of it. We now own 2 Pontiacs, and 1 Buick, with a line up of engines you wouldn't believe. The 2 Pontiacs have 400 and 428 cubic goodies, and the Buick has a 445 steamer.

(Big) CARL
BAUCHSPIESS (14)
3325 Briarwood Lane
Youngstown, Ohio 44511

"Last time you ran out of gas—what's your story THIS time?"

Now, I ain't here to say I got the fastest car around, just to say that it's gone around quite a few on the track. It's a stock '65 Polar with a 383 Mopar type horse under the hood. It's also a convertible for you with enough brains to know a hardtop has less wind resistance than a rag-top. I have tached 7,800 RPM from it. I have 870 pounds of weight and bracing to the frame. That's a special 3-speed alto-trans that shifts out by itself, or you can run it like a 3-speed standard. I'm a Petty Officer in the Navy; girls write between 16-22.

SR ROBERT DAY USN
c/o B37-03-84
906 Plesant Avenue
Bay Minette, Alabama
36507

Howdee: Just thought I'd write a few lines to you. I have a Maverick with a 429 bored stroked and everything: Holman Moody manifold, 2 Holley 4 barrels, Hurst 4-speed, 33 inch slicks, roll impleted Headman headers, Spyder mags. Man, it's got it. Any of you nuts want to run your junks, I'll shake the body off of your car! By the way, it's a model.

PERRY McCULLOUGH
(12)
493 King Arnold Street
Hapeville, Georgia

Hey Unk: Just thought I'd let ya know your mag is one of the Marines' favorite type mags. Most of us guys look forward to them each month, so keep 'em comin'. At the present, I'm stationed in Okinawa, and there's one big hang up — no American type girls. Also, my girl decided to run off and get married. So, any girls wanting to write to a G.I. from Indiana, well, just write.

CPL DERRIC A. FOSTER
(21) 2524001
2/4 H&S 3rd Mar. Div.
FPO San Francisco, Calif.
96602

Hey Unkie: I noticed that most girls who write to your insane, but truly far-out mag, want guys from 17 and up to write them. Well, I'm for guys who are under 17. So, any guys who would like to be friends with a girl who has auburn hair, brown eyes, write me. I'll really flip out, and I'll answer every letter. I promise!

DUSTY SCHIKAWA
(14)
229 Prospect Avenue
Long Beach, Calif. 90803

I don't know why people say Dodge and Chevys rule. But, get this. My cousin has a 1971 Rambler with a 442 SOHC blown fuel injected hemi and 4 on the floor, 18" slicks, syncromesh trans and rear deck spoilers and sets way off the ground. So really, Rambler rules. By the way, my cousin and I say 'anytime'.

ANDY EMMONS (14)
408 Williams St.
Albany, Georgia 31705

Hey Unk: Yer always talkin' 'bout car hangups. Mine happens to be 'Vettes. One 'Vette, two 'Vettes, red 'Vettes, blue 'Vettes, black 'Vettes, old Vettes, new 'Vettes. Every time I see one, I start drooling. I suppose munchin' Melvin does, too. ANYONE who shares my interest, write!

CRAIG SMITH
RT #3
Rogers, Ark. 72756

Vetteee int'resting . . .

Dodges are all go
Fords a bit slow
And those little VW's
Hold up the show
I dig Scat-Packs with that 426
That really rap and bring in
the chicks
Man, those Scat Packs with the
Bumblebee stripes
Can really shut down those
other types
So, other rods hang it up, and
you will see
That Dodges are the best,
and always will be.

RICK JOHNSON
321 S. San Jose Avenue
Covina, Calif. 91722

Unk: I was in my aquarium working on my Stingray when one o' them varmints (in scuba gear) swiped my screwdriver. To top it off, he later pulled the cork in the aquarium, an' me and my Stingray are stuck in a sewer pipe. I wouldn't mind, but it's kinda cramped down here. I like your mag, because it gives me a chance to see them varmints bug someone else.

JOE (Mel) MARCZAK
118 Spring St.
Wilkes-Barre, Pa. 18702

Hey Unk: Like man, I dig yer crazy rag an' them varmints. Guess wot, I betcha' I'm the only dude that doesn't use yer rag fer linin' hampster cages, mainly because I don't have one. I got a gerbil. I got varmints, too. So if you don't print this, I'll sendem' over to wreck up yer rod.

TIM BARBER
822 W. 219 St.
Torrance, Calif. 90502

If you do, I'll send 'em BACK to gobble up yer gerbil!

First off, ya gotta have a whoppin' ol' pot filled with boilin' dirty oil. Then ya dump a broken fan belt, three cracked pistons, two burned valves, a leaky radiator, and a greasy mini-bike chain into it. After that, ya stir it all with a busted crankshaft, pour it in a mold, let it harden, and open it up. Whad'ya got? UNK!

JOEY BLAYLACK
127 North Hills Drive
McMinnville, Tennessee

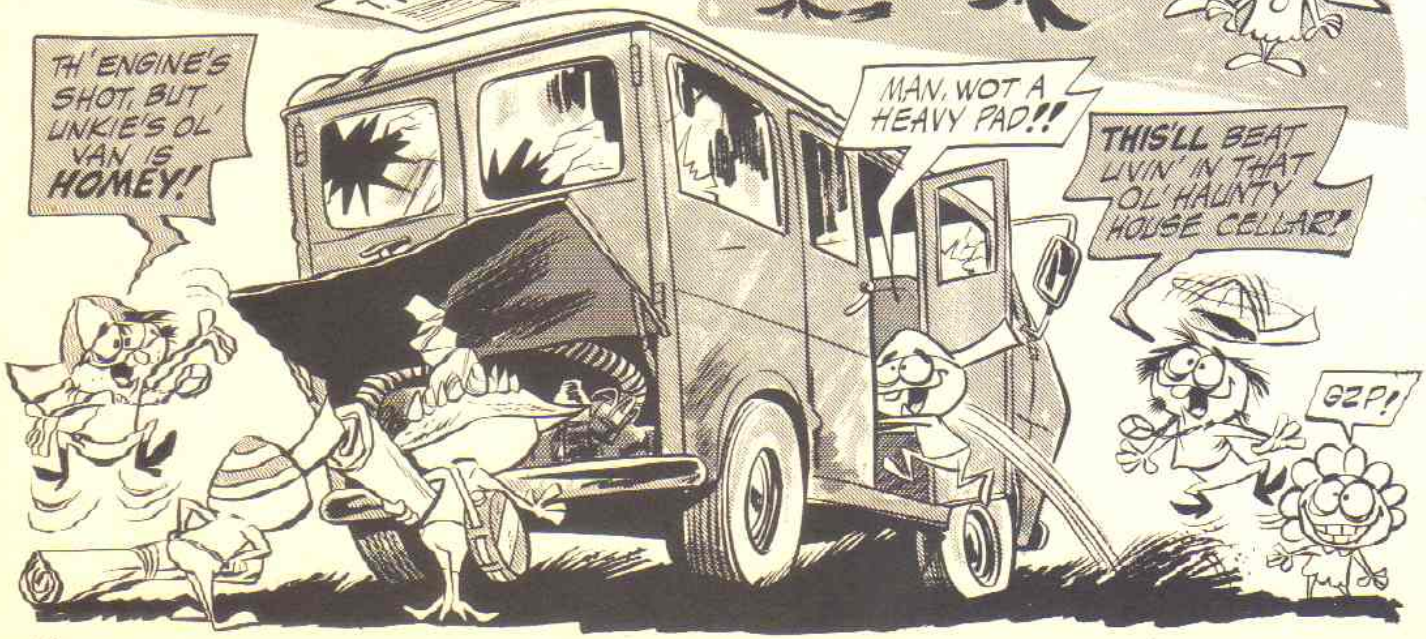
How thoty an' kind . . .

Dig this guy's rail!

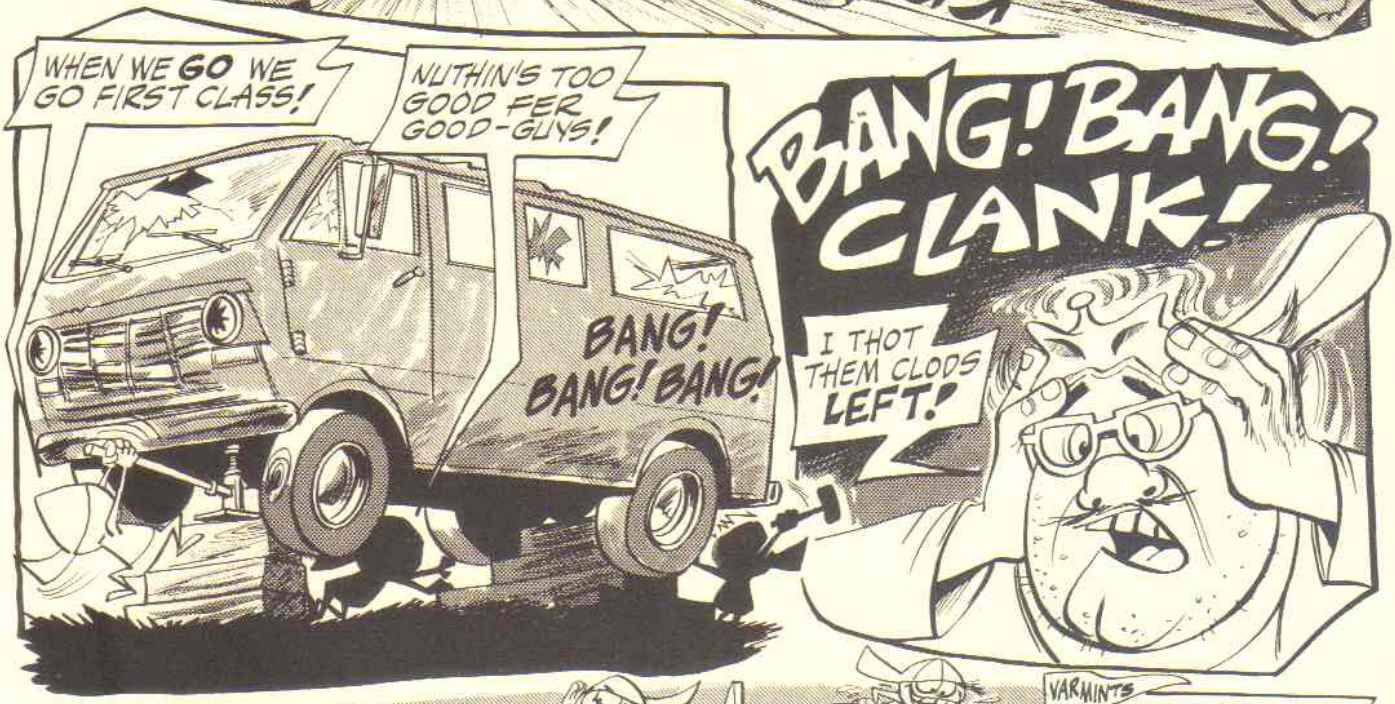
Tom Henderson

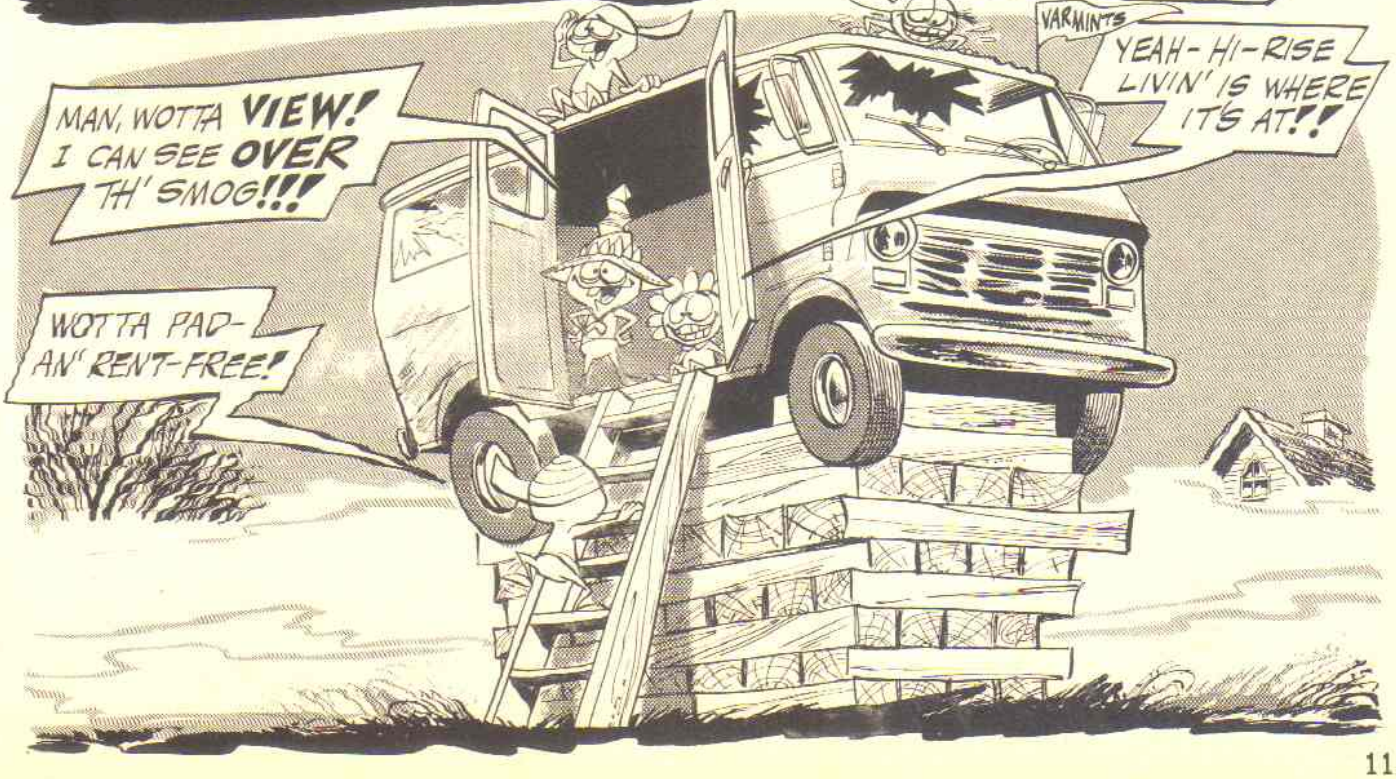
UNK AN' THEM VARMINTS

STORY BY UNK
ART BY MIKE ARENS



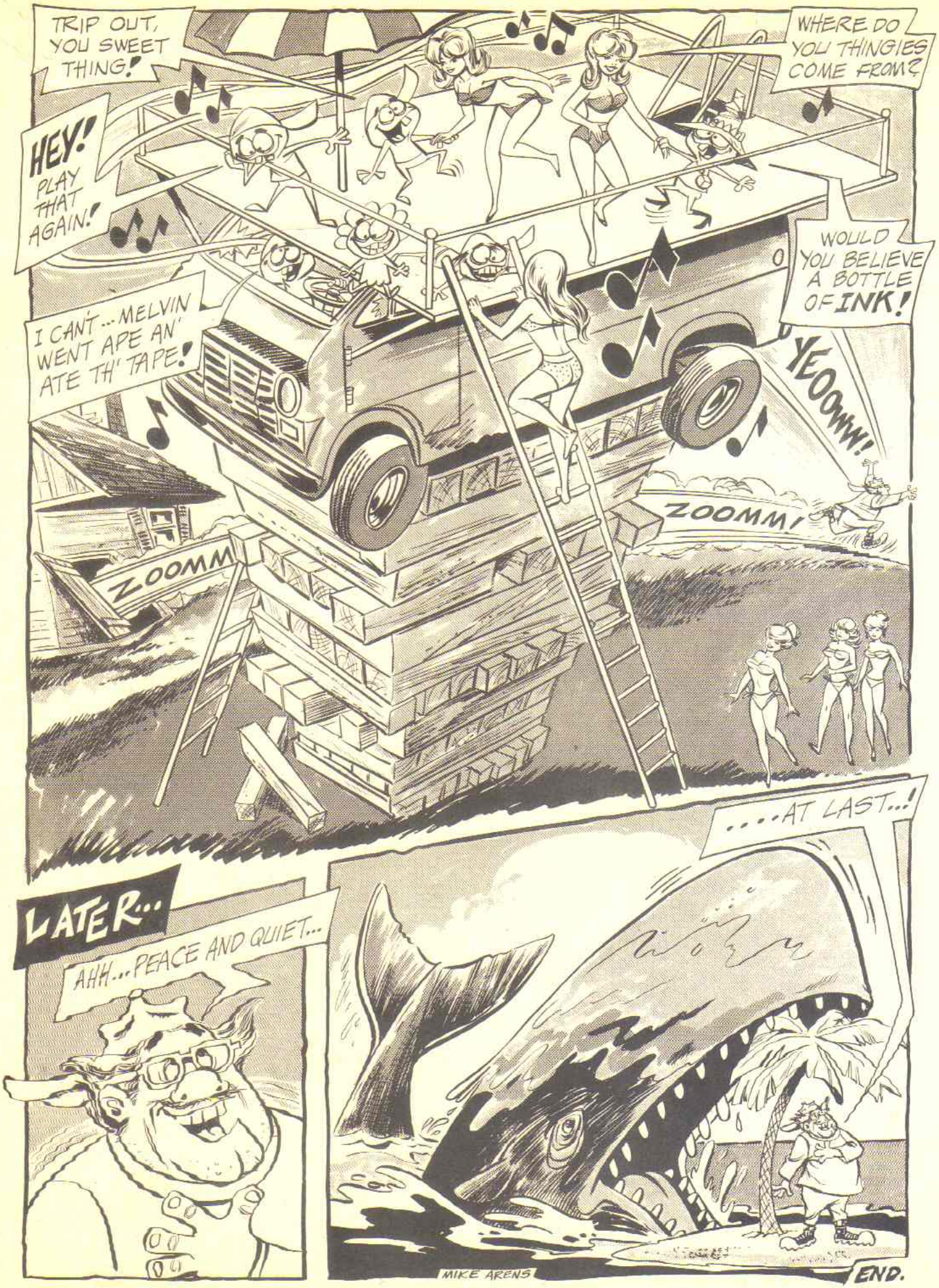
S'TOO BAD WE CAN'T DRIVE THIS OL' VAN AN' TOUR TH' COUNTRY!
GZP!
NO SWEAT - 'SIDES, WE CAN'T LEAVE. MELVIN'S GOTTA BE NEAR UNKIE'S REFRIGERATOR FER SNEAKIN' SNACKS!
I GOTTA THOT... LET'S TURN THIS TUB INTO A HI-RISE APARTMENT!


WHEN WE GO WE GO FIRST CLASS!
NUTHIN'S TOO GOOD FER GOOD-GUYS!
BANG! BANG! BANG!
BANG! BANG! CLANK!
I THOT THEM CLODS LEFT!


MAN, WOTTA VIEW! I CAN SEE OVER TH' SMOG!!!
WOTTA PAD- AN' RENT-FREE!
VARMINTS
YEAH - HI-RISE LIVIN' IS WHERE IT'S AT!!

IT'S KEEN AN' ALL, BUT KINDA CRAMPED-LIKE!
YEAH—YOU TOOK TH' WORDS RIGHT OUTTA ME EYE—ER, MOUTH!
C'MON, KEVEN—COOK UP A PLAN!
SIMPLE—WE JUST ADD ON ANOTHER ROOM... A SUN DECK!!
WOTTA MAD PAD!
HOME SWEET HOME!
WHAM! BANG!
CLANG! CLANG!
MY FAV'RIT T.V. PROGRAM AN' I CAN'T HEAR A THING!
AIN'T THIS TH' LIFE?
NOT TOO SHABBY, NOT TOOO SHABBY...
SOMETHIN'S STILL MISSIN' THO...
YEAH—IT'S TOO QUIET—WE NEED A STEREO!

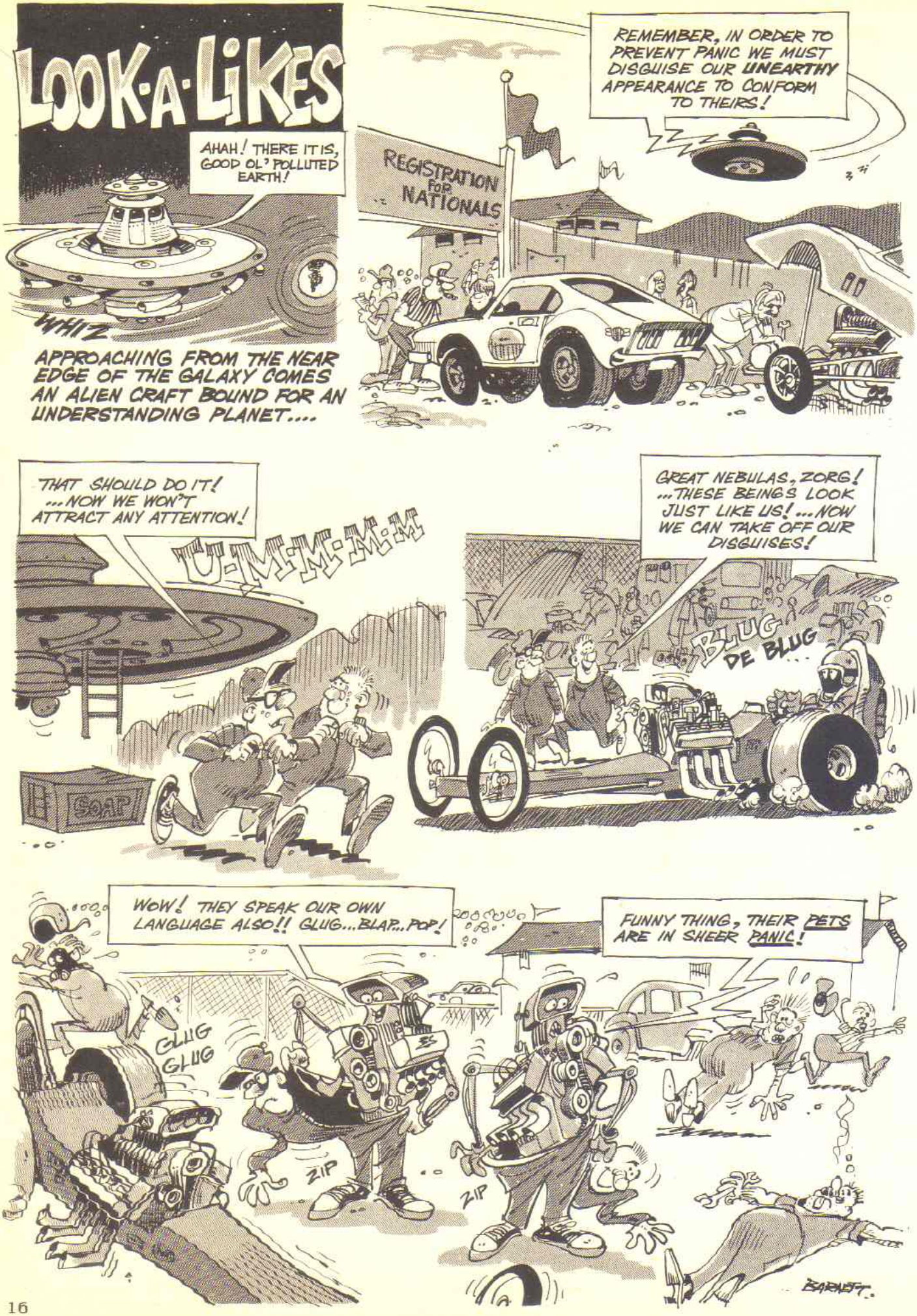
HOW WE FIXED ON TAPES?
WE'LL GET BY- WE GOT 'BOUT 86 CARTRIDGES!
WA-WA-WA
TWANG!
TWANG
TWANG
I THINK I'M GONNA C-CRACK!
I HATE TA BE A KILL-JOY, BUT THERES STILL SOMTHIN' MISSIN'---!
NO, STUPID...
SNACKS? FER MELVIN?
I GOTTA GET OUTA HERE BEFORE I S-SNAP!
THINK A MINUTE... YOU KNOW ...SURE YA DO... I KNOW WOT'S MISSIN'...!


TRIP OUT, YOU SWEET THING!
WHERE DO YOU THINGIES COME FROM?
HEY! PLAY THAT AGAIN!
WOULD YOU BELIEVE A BOTTLE OF INK!
I CAN'T... MELVIN WENT APE AN' ATE TH' TAPE!
YEOOWW!
ZOOMM!
ZOOMM
LATER...
AHH... PEACE AND QUIET...
....AT LAST...!
MIKE ARENS
END.

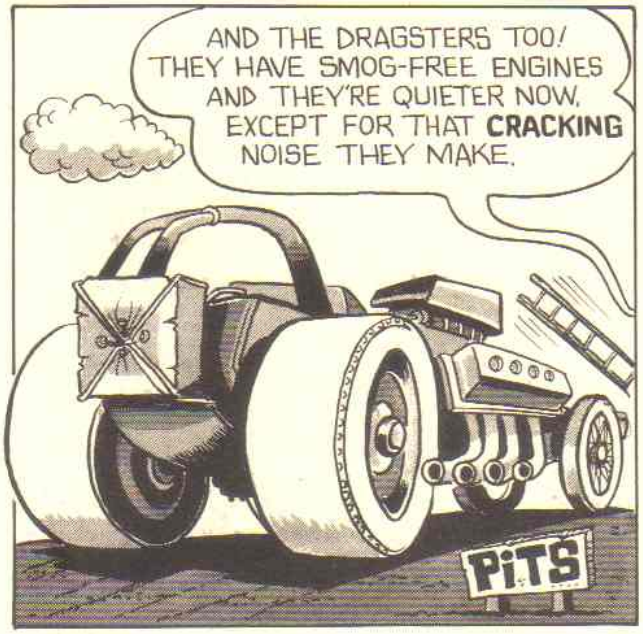
UNREEL

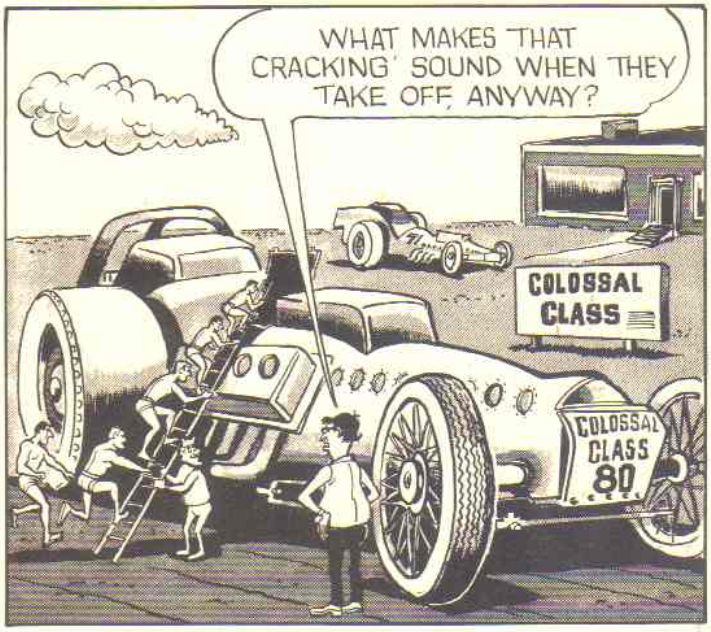
If there's one thing that galls me it's false advertising.
Welcome Wagon

Those Baja enduros are too heavy, man—I only drive in SHORT races.


LOOK-A-LIKES
AHAH! THERE IT IS, GOOD OL' POLLUTED EARTH!
WHIZ
APPROACHING FROM THE NEAR EDGE OF THE GALAXY COMES AN ALIEN CRAFT BOUND FOR AN UNDERSTANDING PLANET....
REMEMBER, IN ORDER TO PREVENT PANIC WE MUST DISGUISE OUR UNEARTHY APPEARANCE TO CONFORM TO THEIRS!
REGISTRATION FOR NATIONALS
THAT SHOULD DO IT! ...NOW WE WON'T ATTRACT ANY ATTENTION!
U-M-M-M
SOAP
GREAT NEBULAS, ZORG! ...THESE BEINGS LOOK JUST LIKE US! ...NOW WE CAN TAKE OFF OUR DISGUISES!
BLUG DE BLUG
WOW! THEY SPEAK OUR OWN LANGUAGE ALSO!! GLUG...BLAP...POP!
GLUG GLUG
ZIP
ZIP
FUNNY THING, THEIR PETS ARE IN SHEER PANIC!
BARNETT

COLOSSAL CLASS

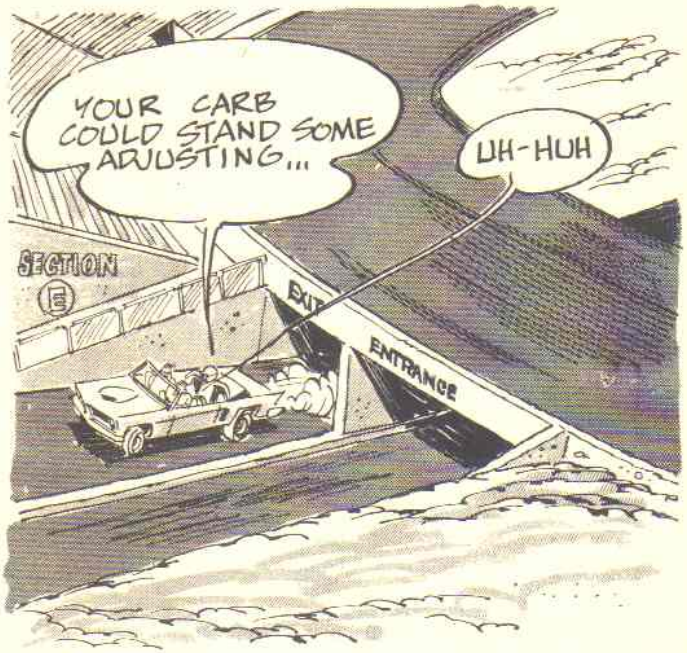


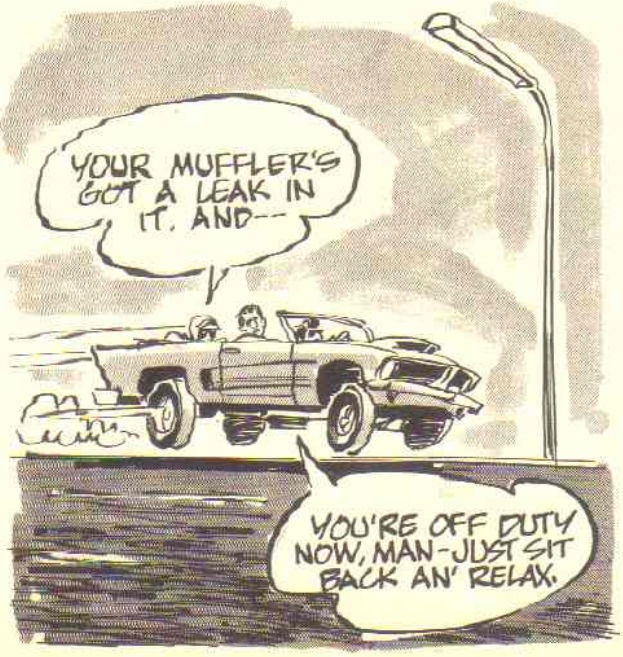


PICKY-PICKY
OUR OL' BUDDY THERE IS TH' TUFFEST TEST CAR DRIVER IN TH' BUSINESS. EVERY NUT AN' BOLT IN THAT BUGGY GETS A GRINDING WORKOUT.
FRED BOATMAN
2 PVD SPEC
YEP - EVER'THING HAS TO BE PERFECT 'FORE IT'LL PASS HIS INSPECTION. HE LIVES EVERY MOMENT OF HIS JOB.
I HOPE THIS ONE'S A QUICKIE-TEST 'CAUSE MY GIRLFREN'S 'SPECTIN' TH' THREE OF US OVER FOR DINNER.
WAAAAAAAA
GREAT
SLIPPAGE IN FIRST GEAR...
BLAP
CAR DRIFTS IN THE TURNS.... WEAK SUSPENSION...
HMM- VALVES KINDA STICKY-LIKE

SCREEEEEEECH
PVD PIT
PVD
CAN'T PASS IT, MAC - TEAR 'ER DOWN AND REBUILD IT FROM SCRATCH.

CALL ME WHEN YOU'RE READY TO TEST 'ER. AND HAVE THE CREW REMOVE A LOOSE 1/4" SCREW BOUNCING AROUND IN THE TRANS...
WHAT-EVER YOU SAY.
C'MON GET IN STEP
PVD
PVD
TROMP TROMP TROMP TROMP TROMP TROMP

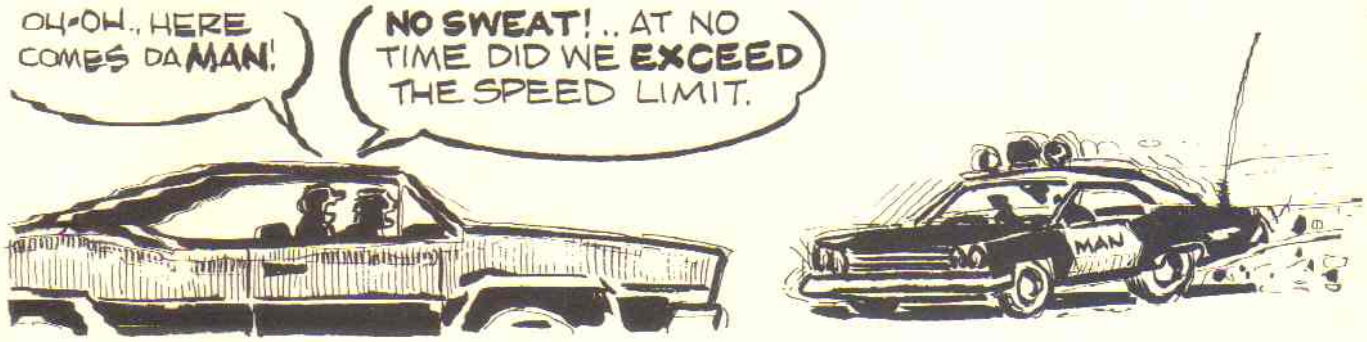

YOUR CARB COULD STAND SOME ADJUSTING...
UH-HUH
SECTION E
EXIT
ENTRANCE

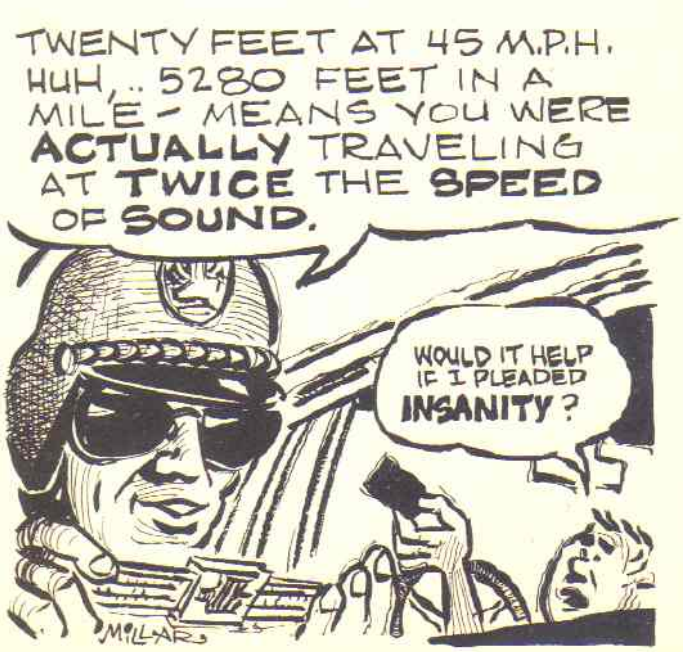

YOUR MUFFLER'S GOT A LEAK IN IT. AND--
YOU'RE OFF DUTY NOW, MAN - JUST SIT BACK AN' RELAX.

HM... WE DROVE 12 MILES AT APPROXIMATE SPEED OF--
KNOCK OFF THE SHOP-TALK, PAL PLEASE!
PVD

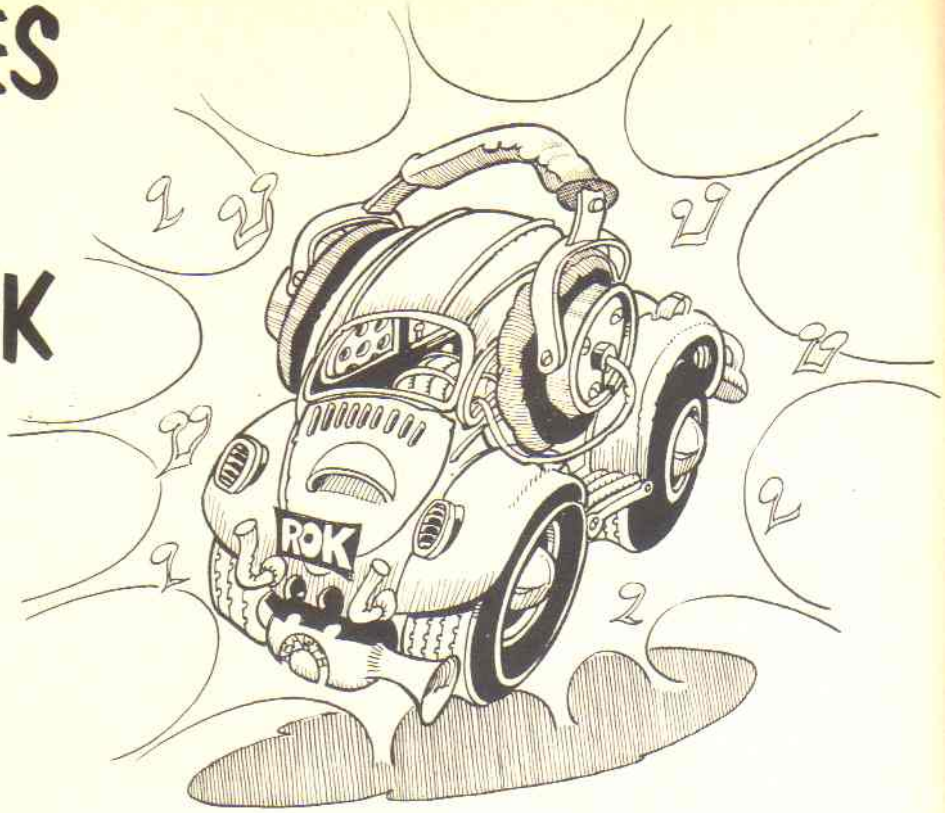
--AND BY THESE CALCULATIONS YOU'RE GETTING 7 MILES TO THE GALLON WHICH IS PRETTY SHABBY...--
GIVE US A BREAK WILL YA? HUH?
YOUR NOTES ARE SOAKIN' UP YOUR SOUP-AN' TAKE THAT HELMET OFF! SHOW SOME CLASS!
HOURS LATER-
--AND BY SLIPPING DOWN ON THE INSIDE...
GIVE US A BREAK...
WAKE UP! AND GET WILLIE-WINDUP OUT OF HERE!
URP
--AND DON'T EVER COME BACK-ANY OF YOU!!!
YOU BLEW IT, BARNEY!
YOUR SOUP WAS SLOP, THE GRAVY NEEDED SALT, AND YOUR 'DUMPLINGS' WERE DUMPY!
GIVE US A B-BREAK!
END-

CALCULATED RISK

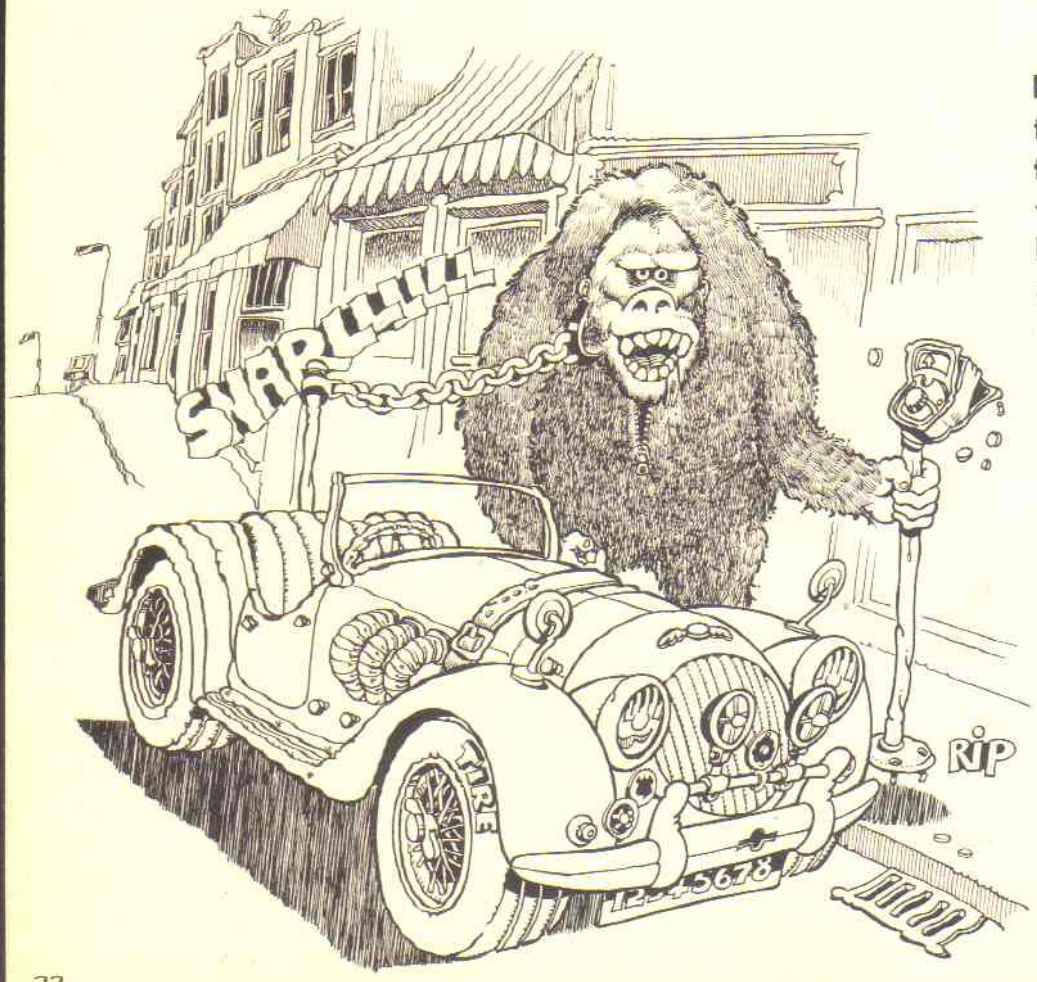




ACCESSORIES after the POCKETBOOK



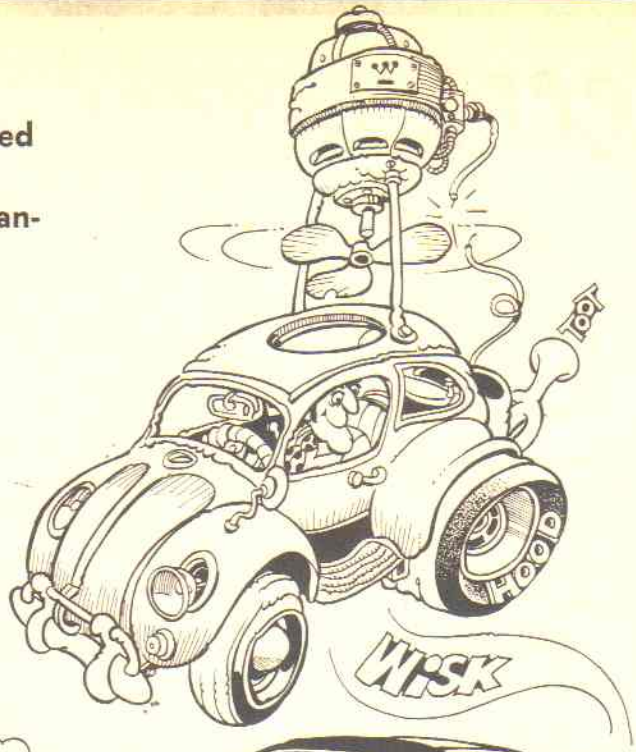
At last a practical stereo system for the small car without the room for the installation of speakers. This factory option comes complete with several selections of German band music.



Fascinating new anti-theft device ($6,000 f.o.b. Nirobi) keeps would-be car thieves at bay, and also cuts down on annoying overtime parking tickets.

By
HAL ROBINSON

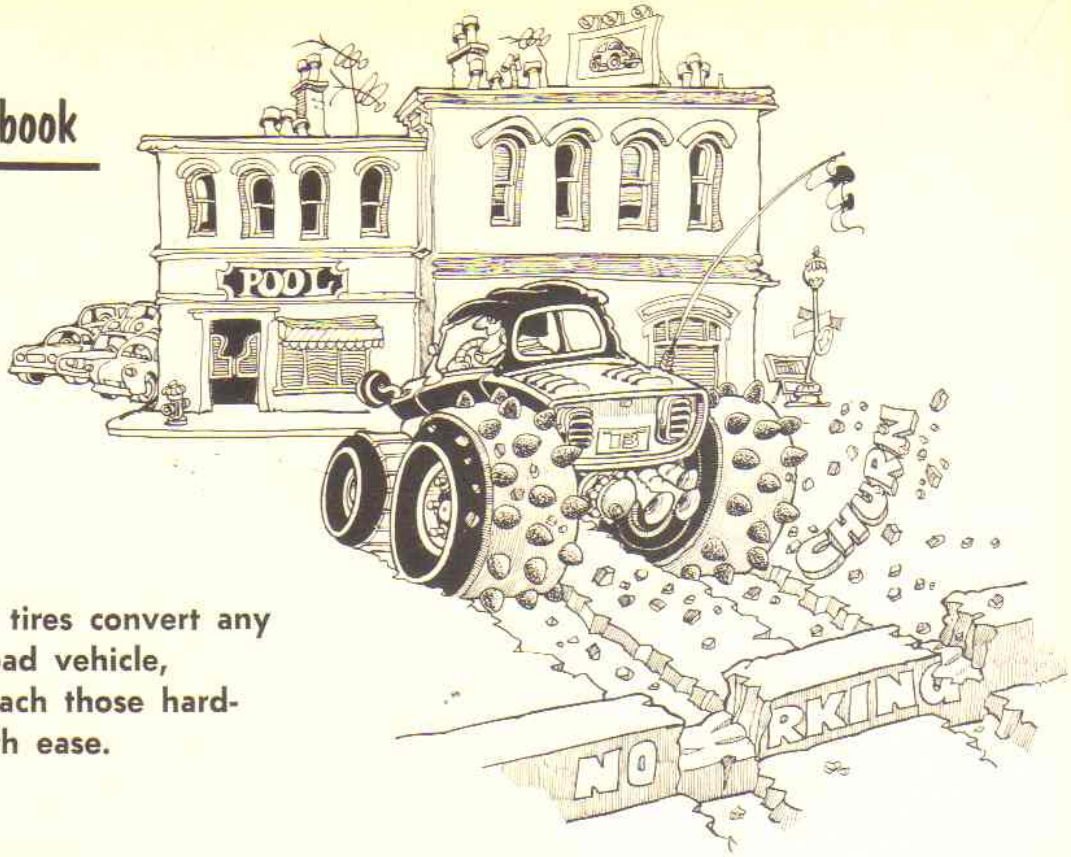
Powerful new roof mounted air conditioning unit also serves as an escape mechanism when speeded up to maximum RPM.



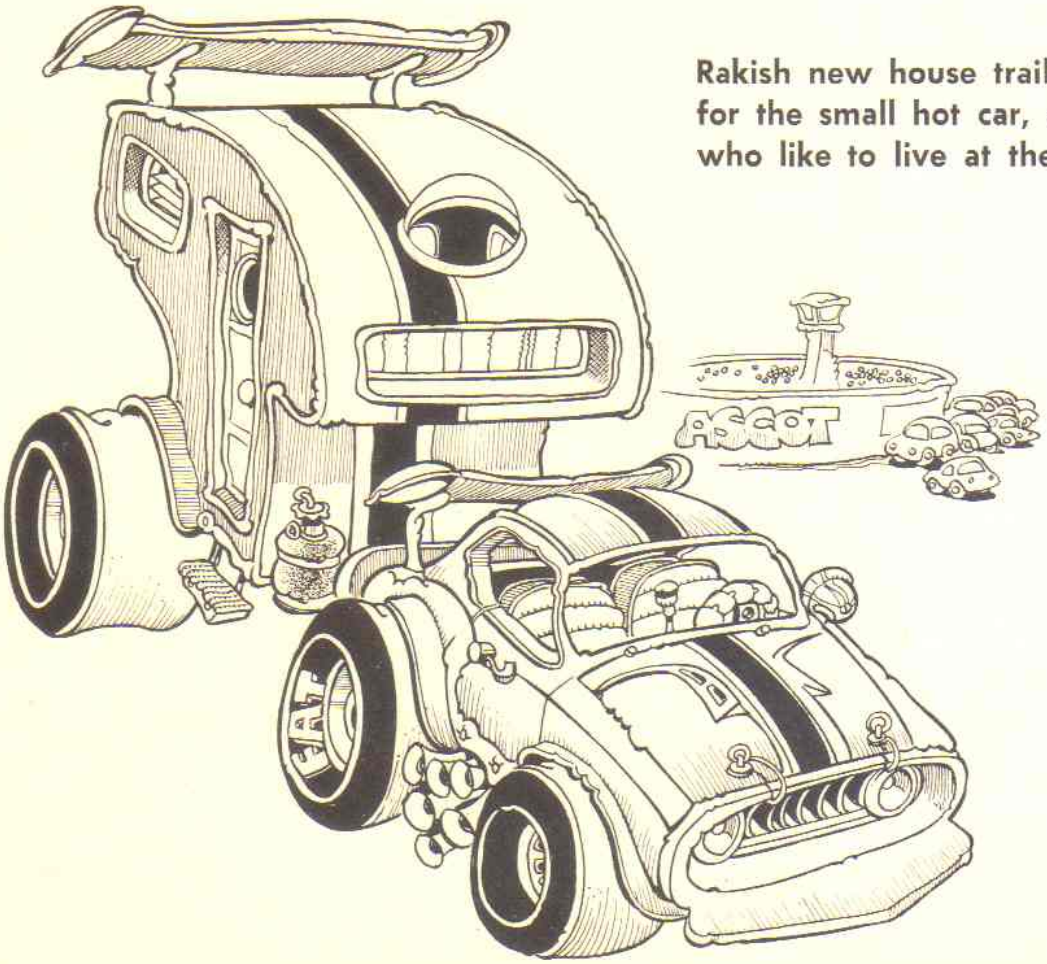
For the ecology minded . . . this powerful vacuum device is ideal for sucking up bottles, cans and assorted trash, which is taken to local trash redemption centers and converted into cash to pay for the cleaning of the car's interior.

Continued—

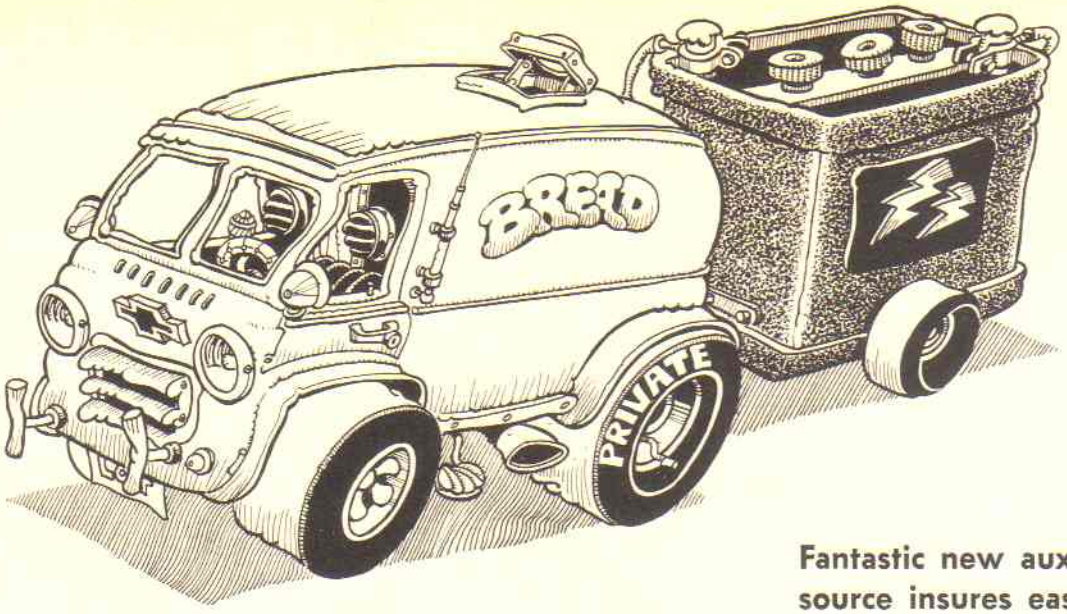
Accessories after the Pocketbook



New super-traction tires convert any car to an off-the-road vehicle, allowing you to reach those hard-to-get-at places with ease.

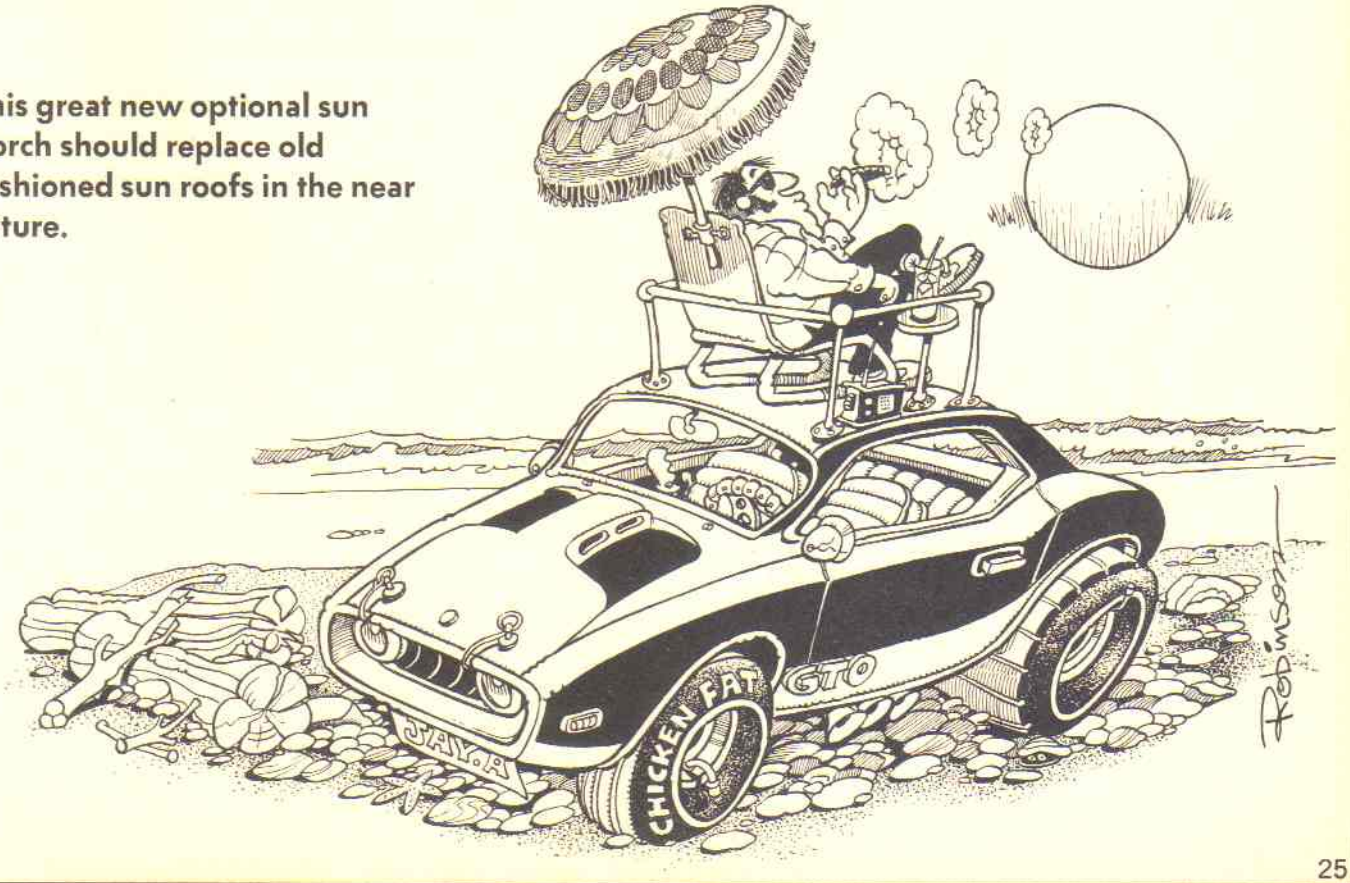


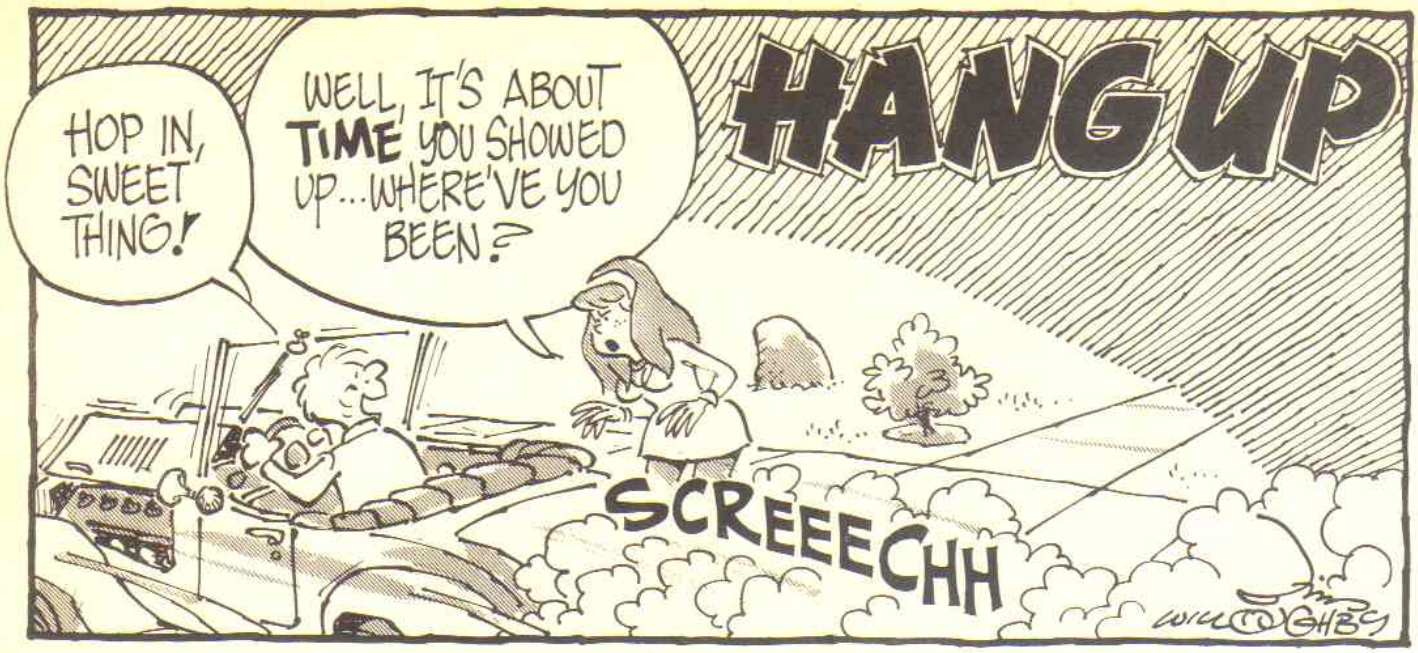
Rakish new house trailer designed for the small hot car, and leadfoots who like to live at the dragstrip.



Fantastic new auxiliary power source insures easy starting with only about an 80% decrease in speed.

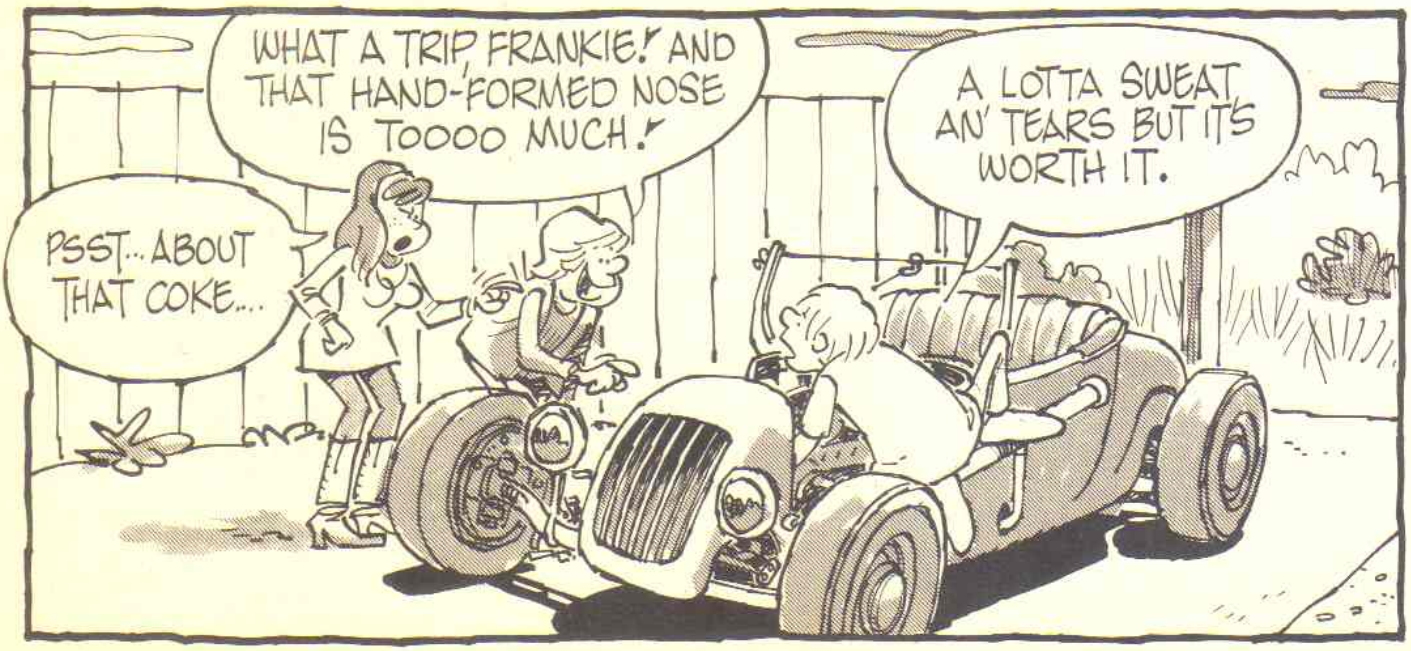
This great new optional sun porch should replace old fashioned sun roofs in the near future.

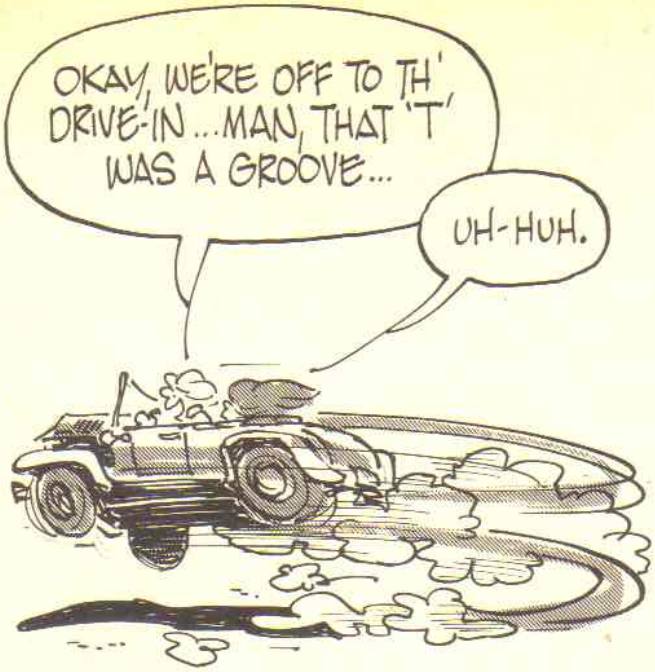


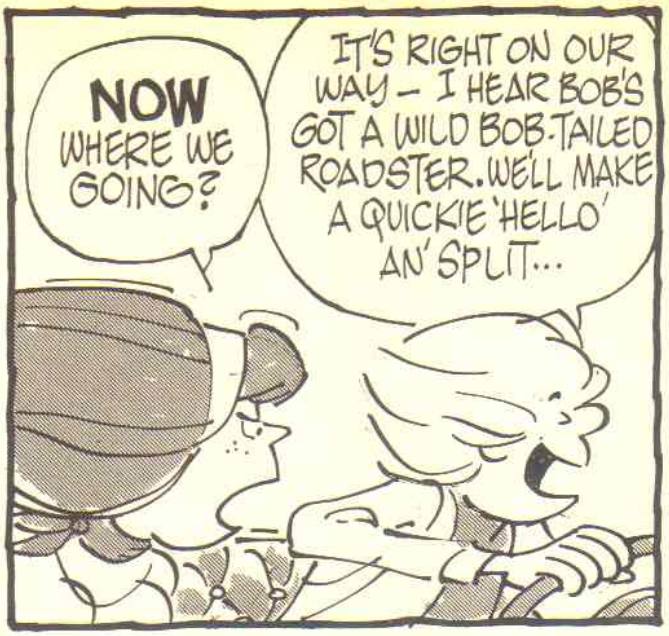

HANGUP
HOP IN, SWEET THING!
WELL, IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU SHOWED UP...WHERE'VE YOU BEEN?
SCREEECHH

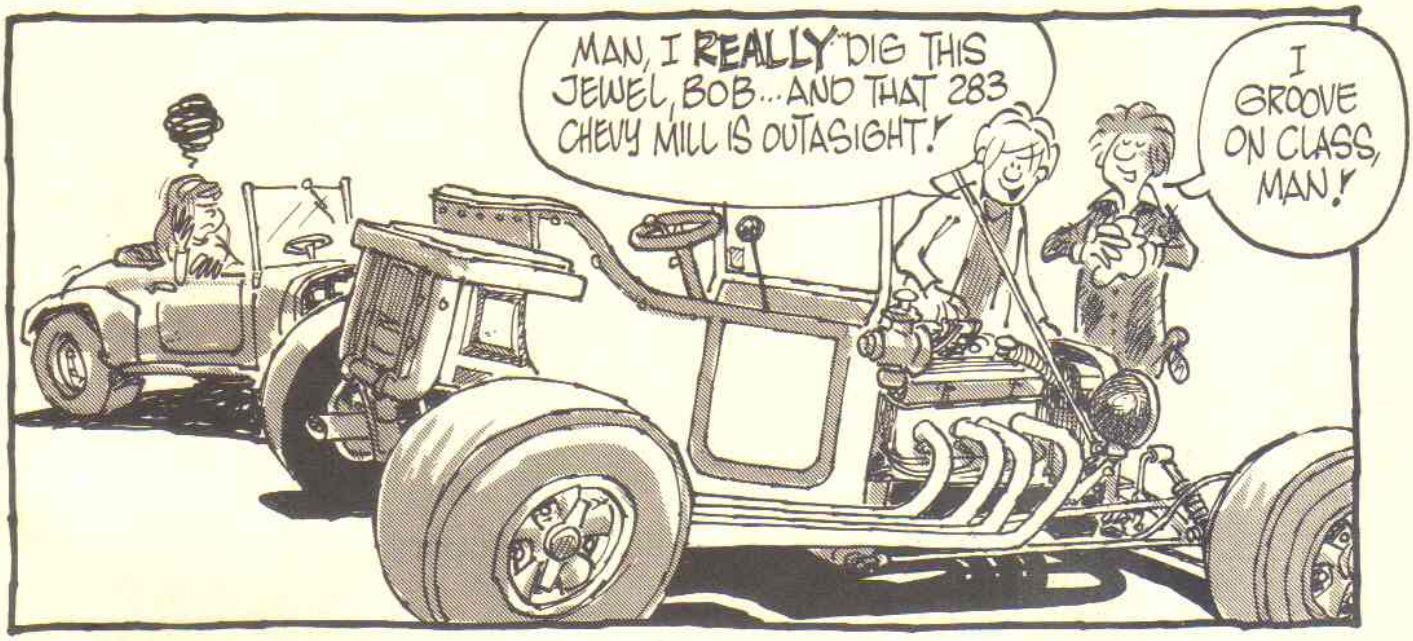
I WAS RAPPIN' ON TH' PHONE WITH FRANKIE. HE WAS TELLING ME ABOUT HIS '26 T' HE'S WORKIN' ON.
BIG DEAL.

I THOT WE WERE GOING TO A DRIVE-IN, AND YOU, THE LAST OF THE BIG SPENDERS, WERE GOING TO SPRING FOR COKES. WHERE ARE WE GOING?
...ER...IT'LL JUST TAKE A MINUTE...I WANNA STOP BY AN' SEE FRANKIE'S 'T'.


WHAT A TRIP, FRANKIE! AND THAT HAND-FORMED NOSE IS TOOOO MUCH!
PSST...ABOUT THAT COKE....
A LOTTA SWEAT AN' TEARS BUT IT'S WORTH IT.

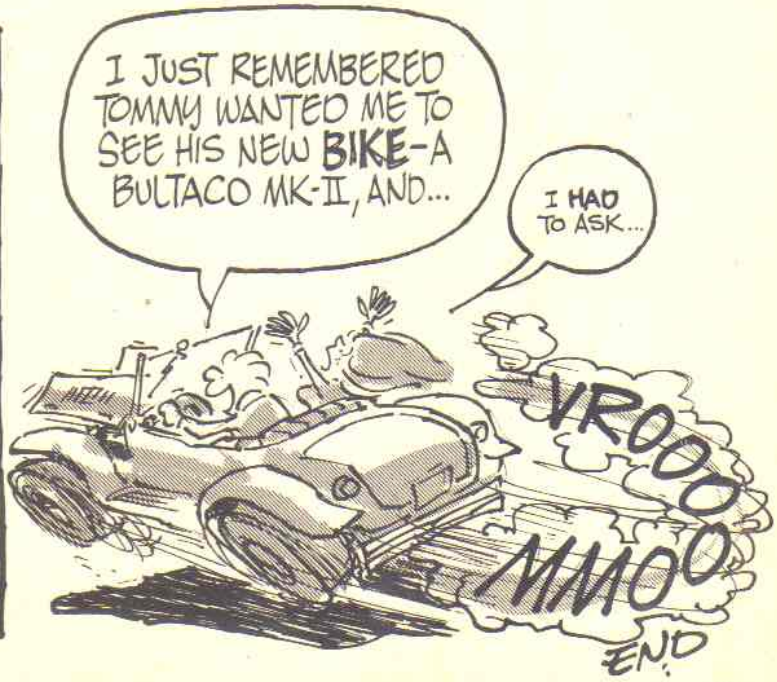

OKAY, WE'RE OFF TO TH' DRIVE-IN... MAN, THAT 'T' WAS A GROOVE...
UH-HUH.

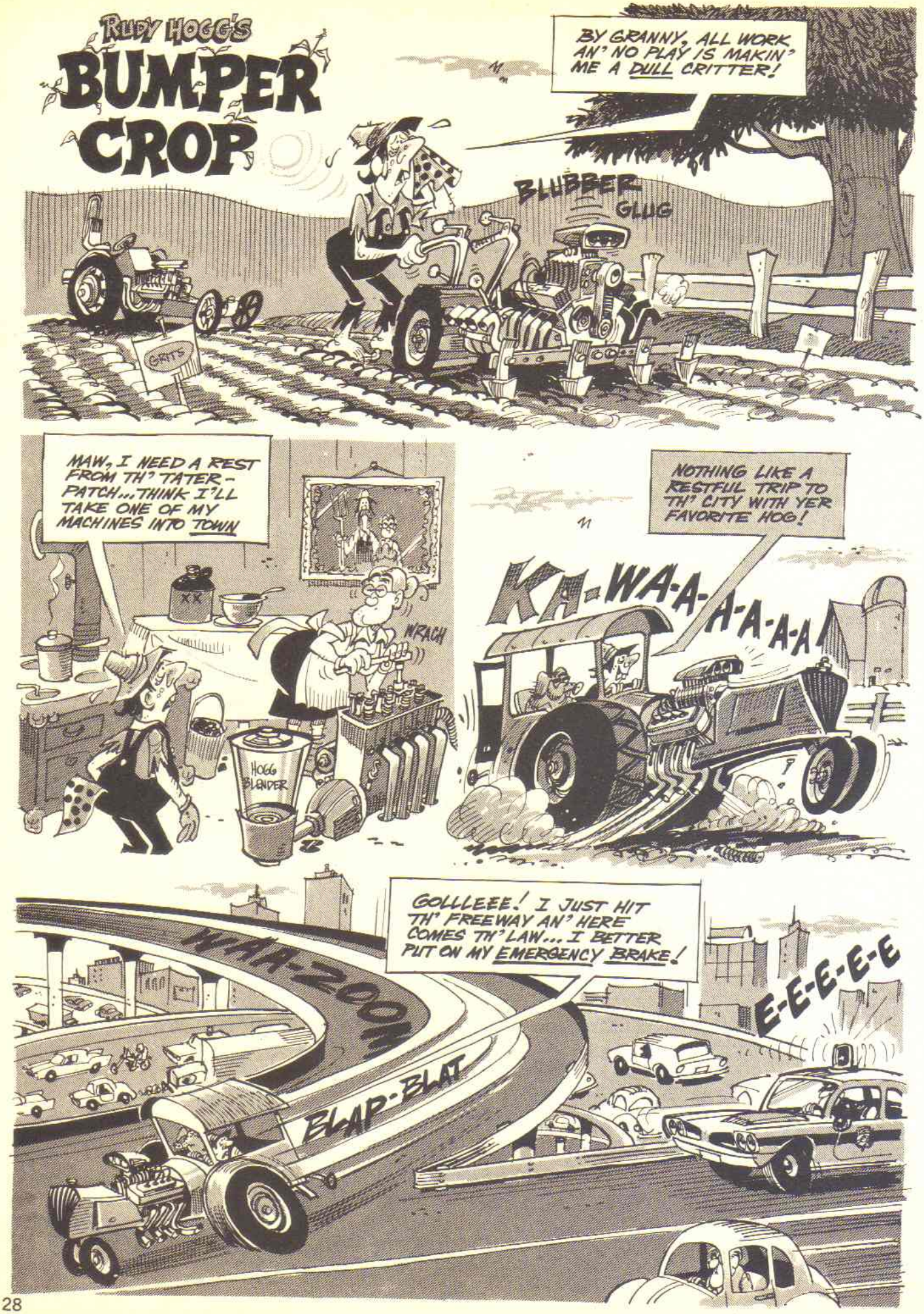

NOW WHERE WE GOING?
IT'S RIGHT ON OUR WAY – I HEAR BOB'S GOT A WILD BOB-TAILED ROADSTER. WE'LL MAKE A QUICKIE 'HELLO' AN' SPLIT...

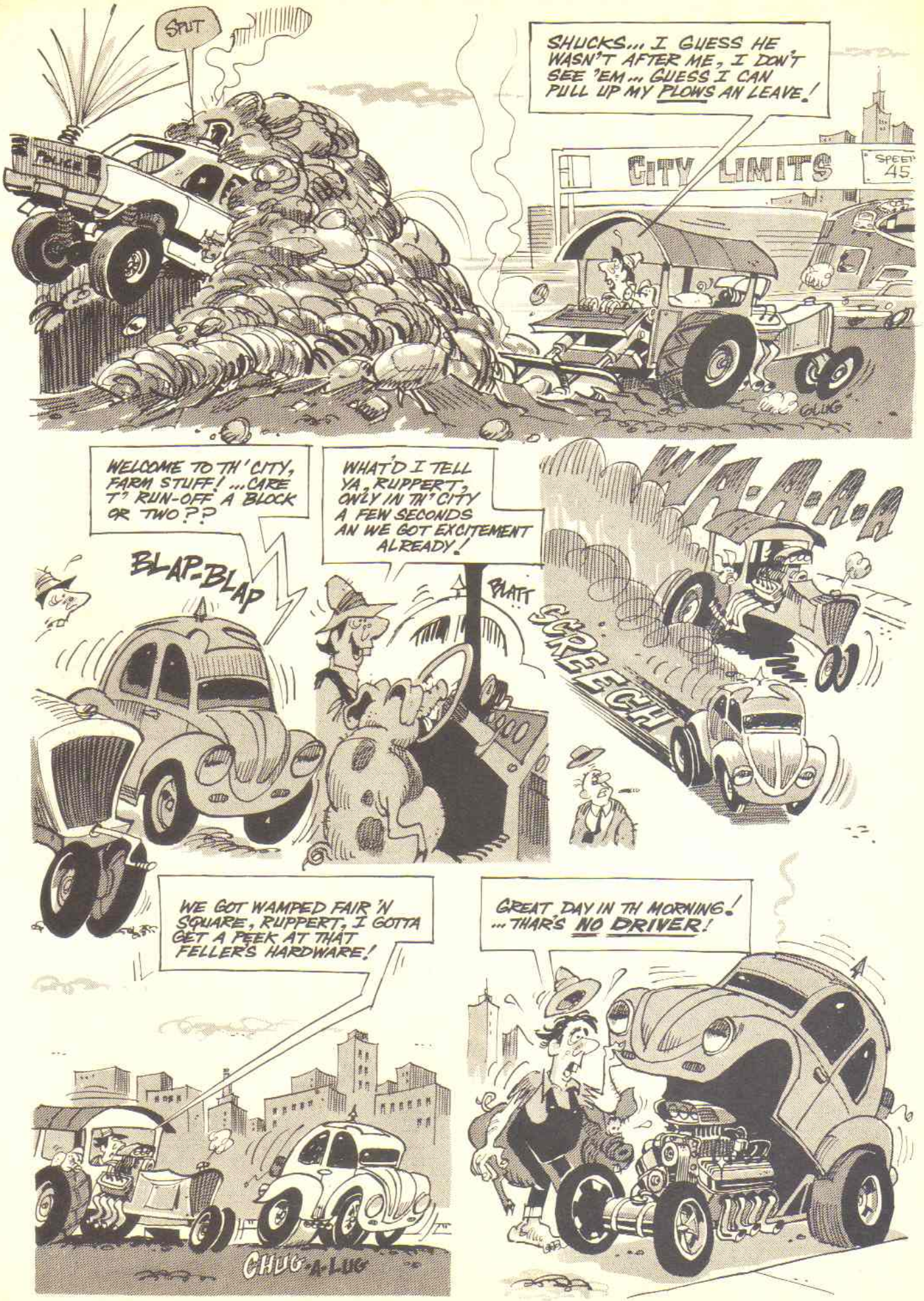

MAN, I REALLY DIG THIS JEWEL, BOB... AND THAT 283 CHEVY MILL IS OUTASIGHT!
I GROOVE ON CLASS, MAN!

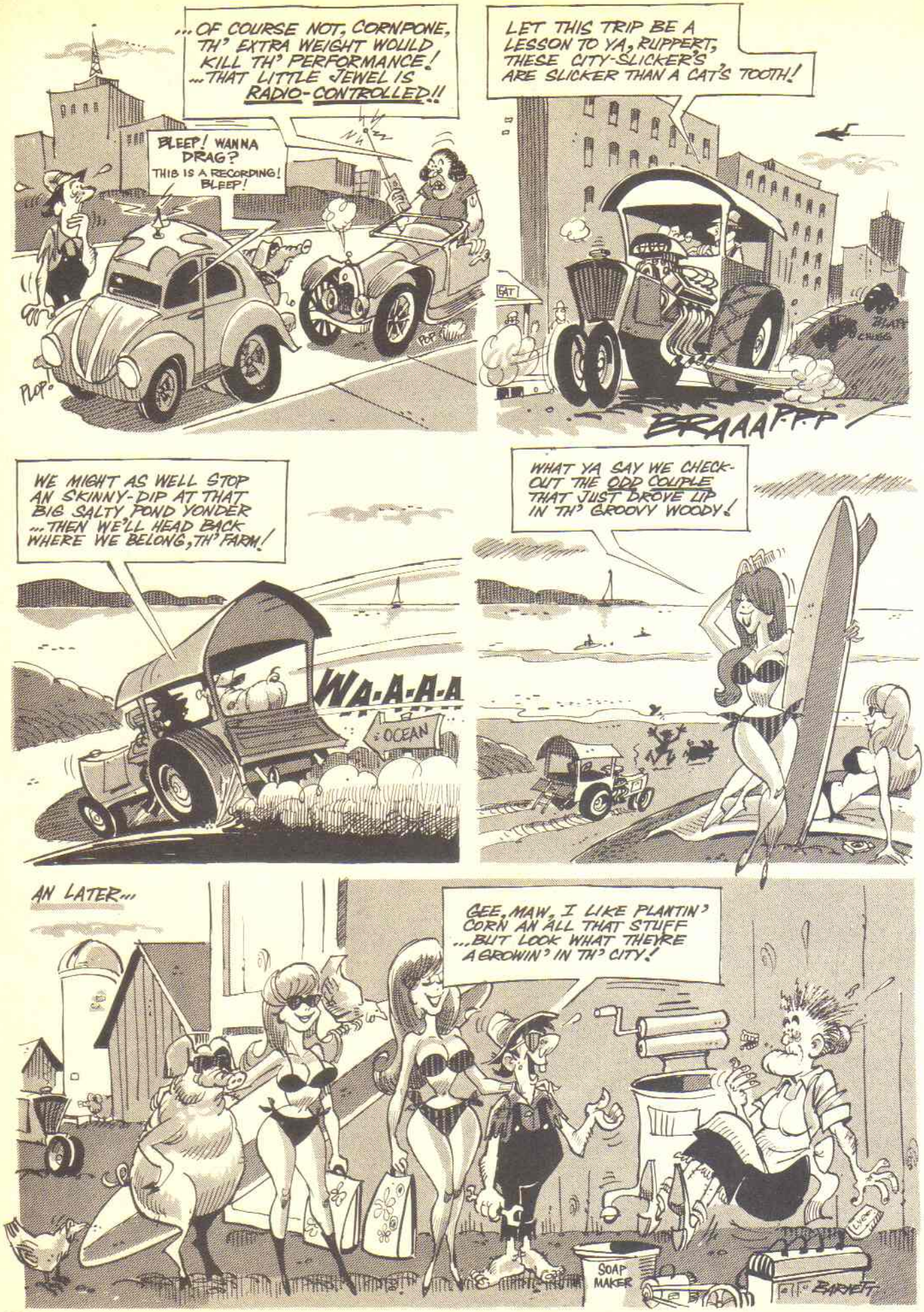
LATER...

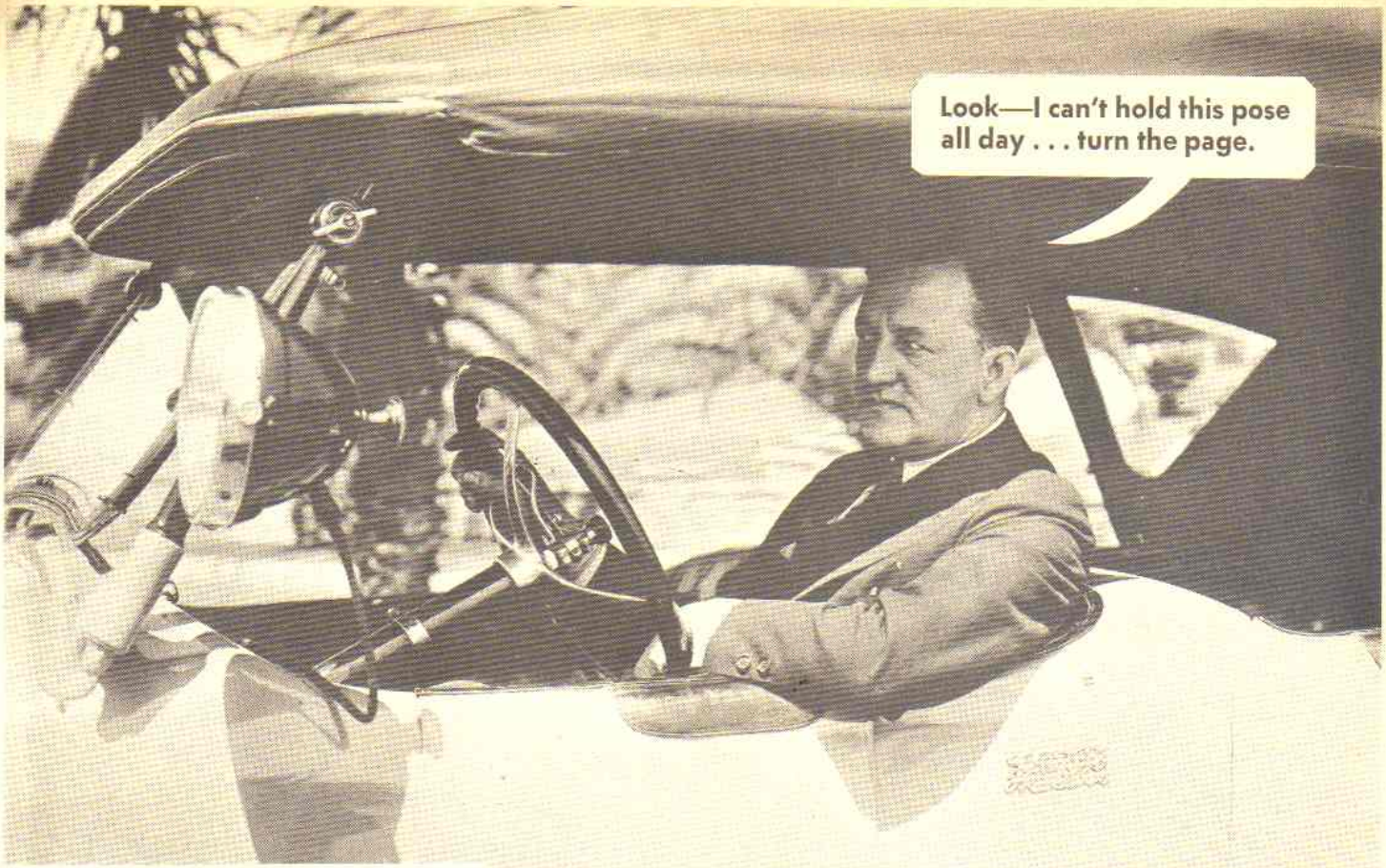
CARS! CARS! CARS! CAN'T YOU THINK OF ANYTHING ELSE?!
YEAH...


I JUST REMEMBERED TOMMY WANTED ME TO SEE HIS NEW BIKE – A BULTACO MK-II, AND...
I HAD TO ASK...
VROOO
MMOO
END


RUDY HOGG'S
BUMPER CROP
BY GRANNY, ALL WORK AN' NO PLAY IS MAKIN' ME A DULL CRITTER!
BLUBBER GLUG
GRITS
MAW, I NEED A REST FROM TH' TATER-PATCH... THINK I'LL TAKE ONE OF MY MACHINES INTO TOWN
XX
NRACH
HOGG BLENDER
NOTHING LIKE A RESTFUL TRIP TO TH' CITY WITH YER FAVORITE HOG!
KA-WA-A-A-A-A-A
GOLLLEEE! I JUST HIT TH' FREEWAY AN' HERE COMES TH' LAW... I BETTER PUT ON MY EMERGENCY BRAKE!
WAA-ZOOM
BLAP-BLAT
E-E-E-E-E


SPLT
SHUCKS... I GUESS HE WASN'T AFTER ME, I DON'T SEE 'EM... GUESS I CAN PULL UP MY PLOWS AN LEAVE!
CITY LIMITS
SPEED 45
GLUG
WELCOME TO TH' CITY, FARM STUFF! ...CARE T' RUN-OFF A BLOCK OR TWO??
BLAP-BLAP
WHAT'D I TELL YA, RUPPERT, ONLY IN TH' CITY A FEW SECONDS AN WE GOT EXCITEMENT ALREADY!
PLATT
W-A-A-A-A
SCREECH
WE GOT WAMPED FAIR 'N SQUARE, RUPPERT, I GOTTA GET A PEEK AT THAT FELLER'S HARDWARE!
CHUG-A-LUG
GREAT DAY IN TH MORNING! ...THAR'S NO DRIVER!

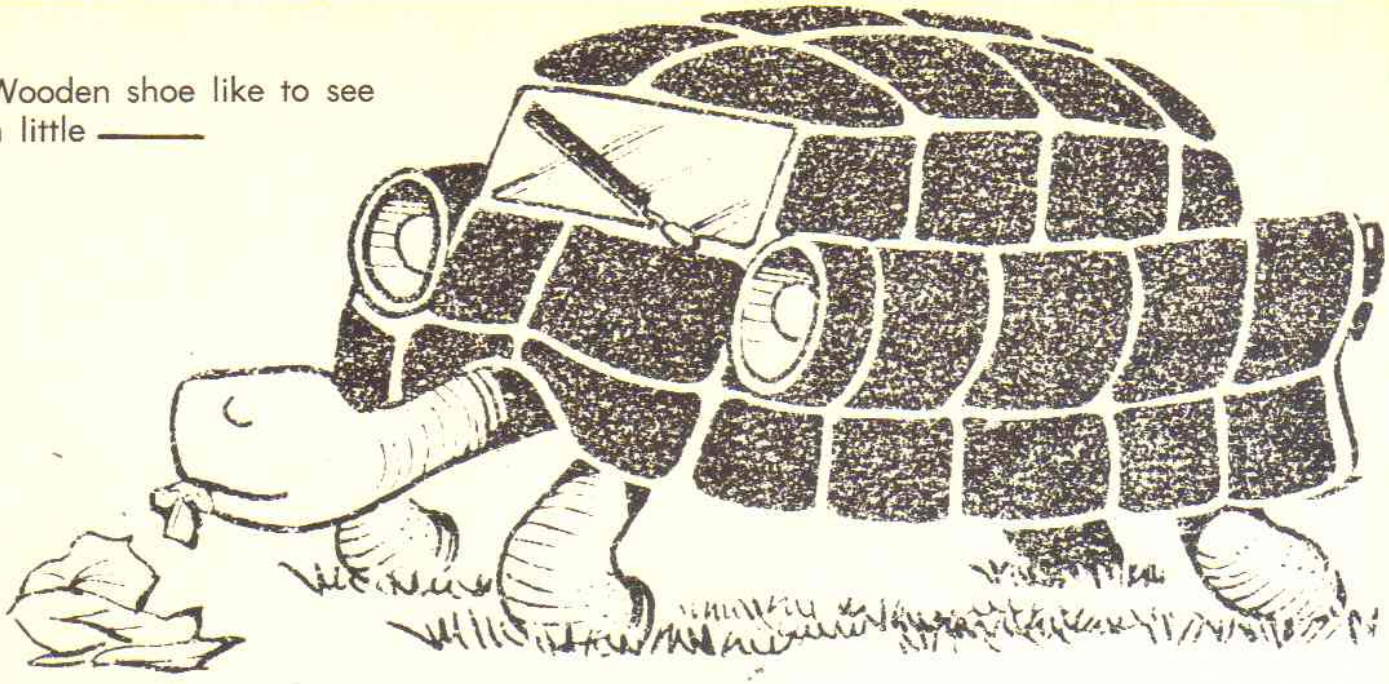

...OF COURSE NOT, CORNPONE, TH' EXTRA WEIGHT WOULD KILL TH' PERFORMANCE! ...THAT LITTLE JEWEL IS RADIO-CONTROLLED!!
BLEEP! WANNA DRAG? THIS IS A RECORDING! BLEEP!
PLOP!
POP
LET THIS TRIP BE A LESSON TO YA, RUPPERT, THESE CITY-SLICKER'S ARE SLICKER THAN A CAT'S TOOTH!
BRAAAP-P-P
WE MIGHT AS WELL STOP AN SKINNY-DIP AT THAT BIG SALTY POND YONDER ...THEN WE'LL HEAD BACK WHERE WE BELONG, TH' FARM!
WA-A-A-A
OCEAN
WHAT YA SAY WE CHECK-OUT THE ODD COUPLE THAT JUST DROVE UP IN TH' GROOVY WOODY!
AN LATER...
GEE, MAW, I LIKE PLANTIN' CORN AN ALL THAT STUFF ...BUT LOOK WHAT THEYRE A GROWIN' IN TH' CITY!
SOAP MAKER
BARRETT



UNREEL

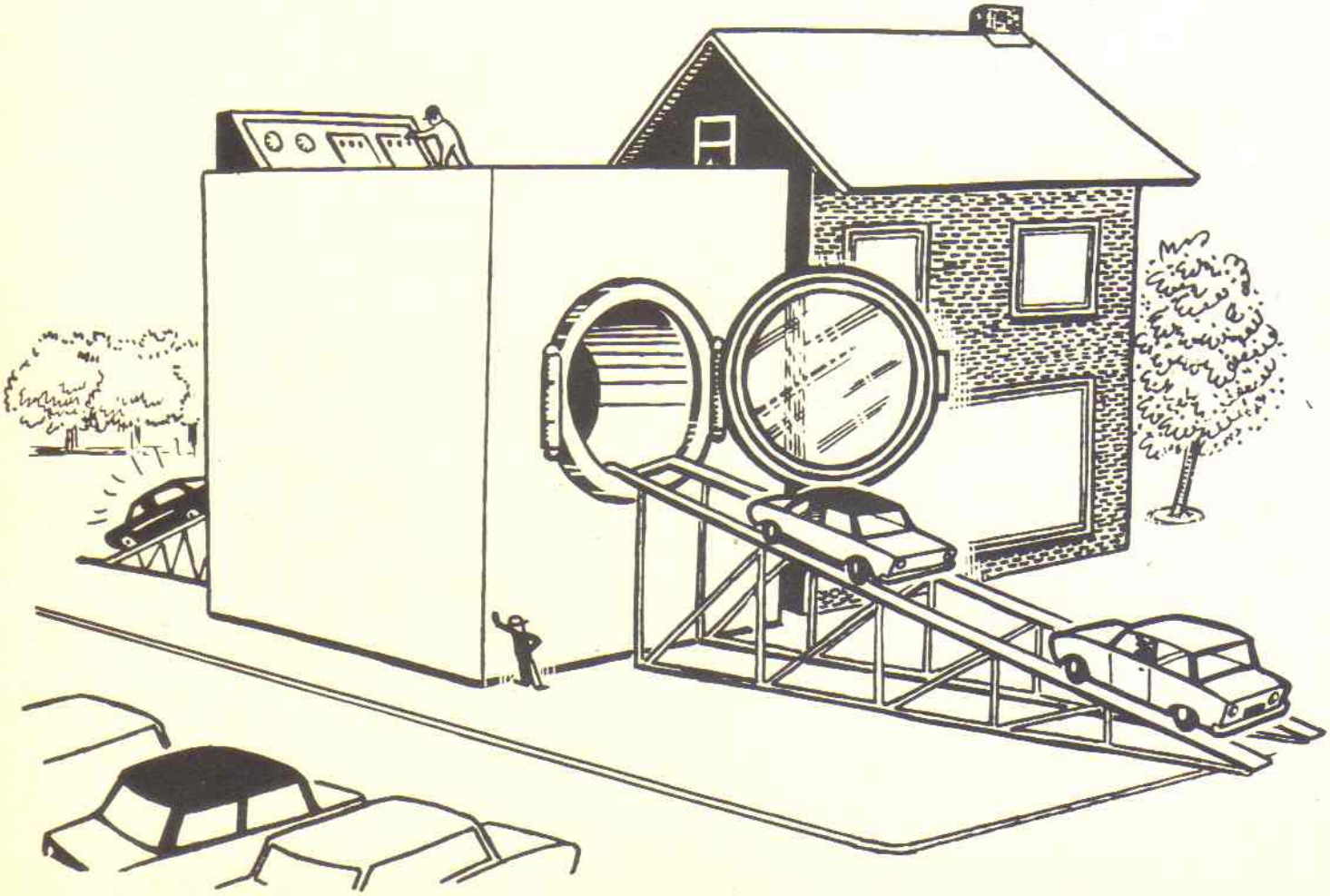
Rare photo of the Chrondek dancers in their Baja Welcome Wagon, waiting at the finish line at La Paz. Only one chic speaks english. See?

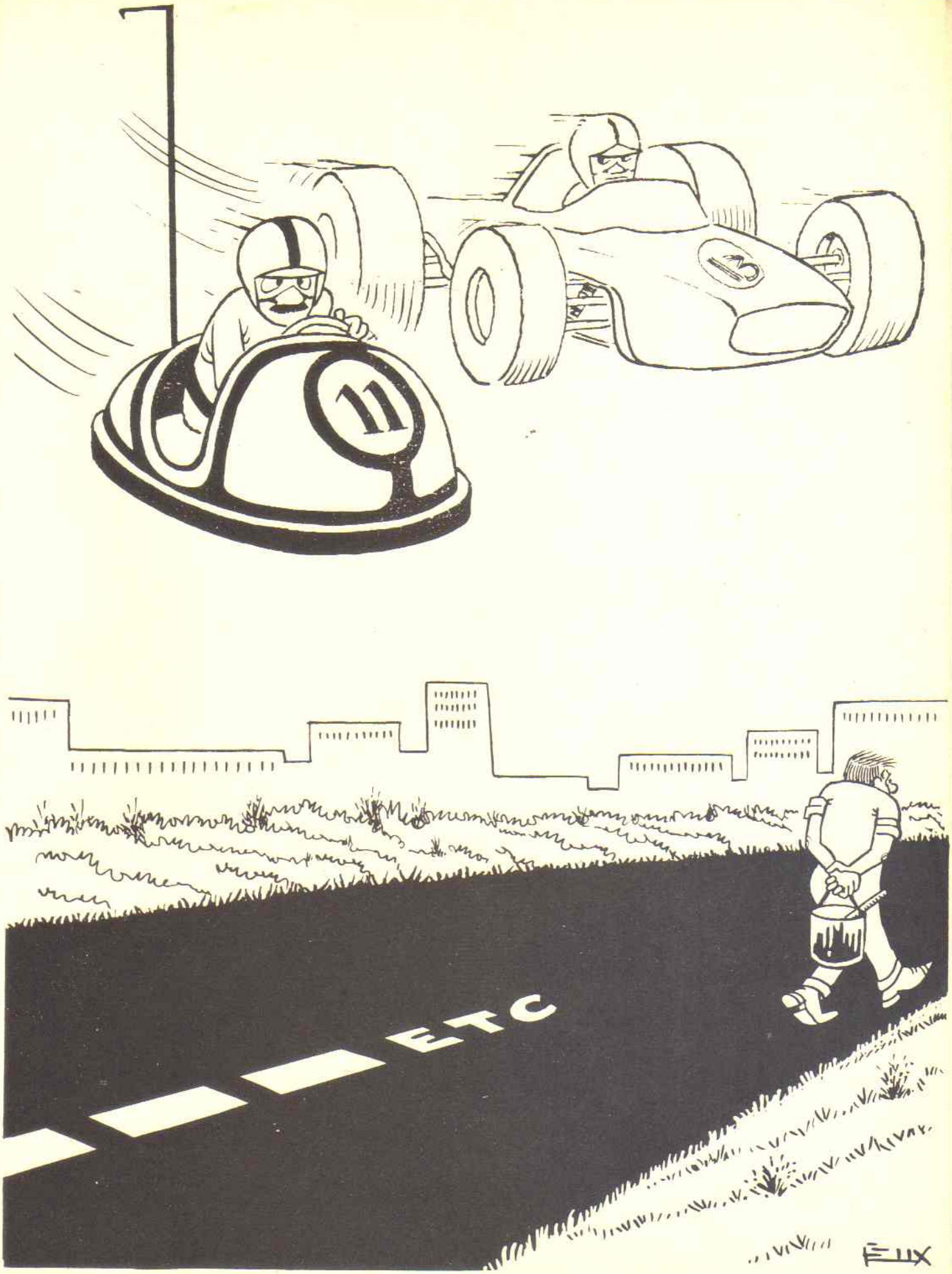
Wooden shoe like to see
a little ——



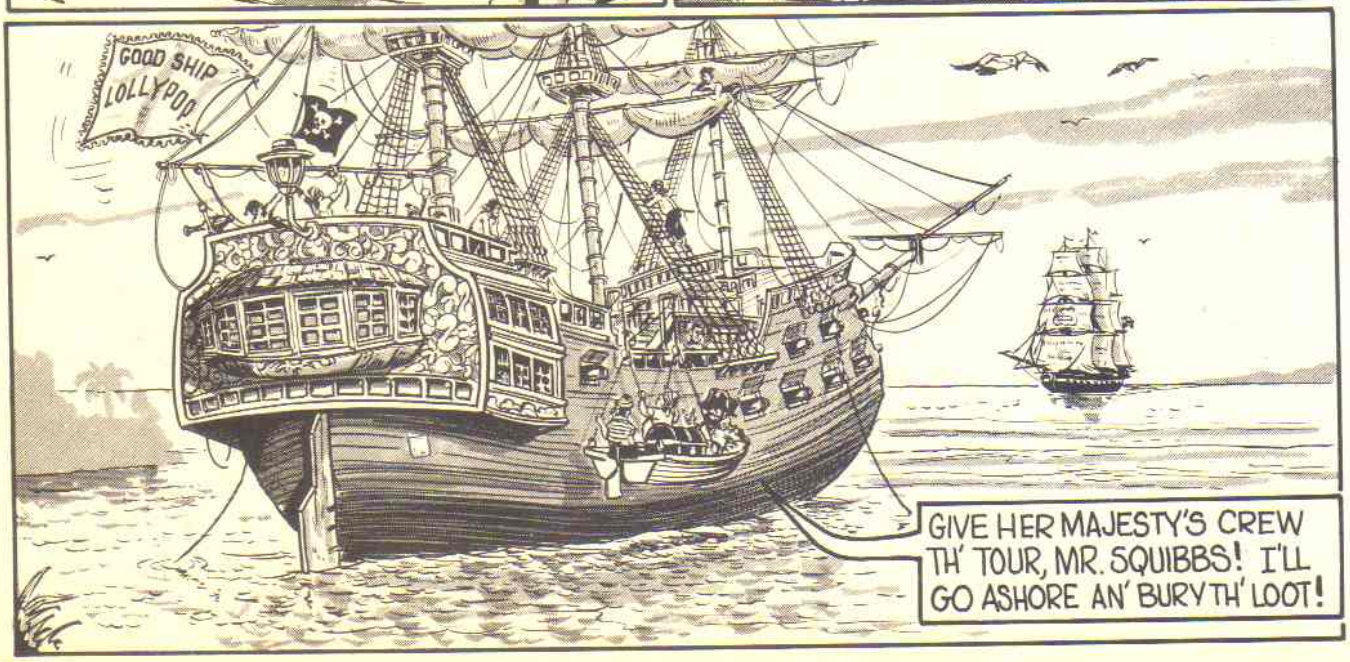
QUIET HUMOR?

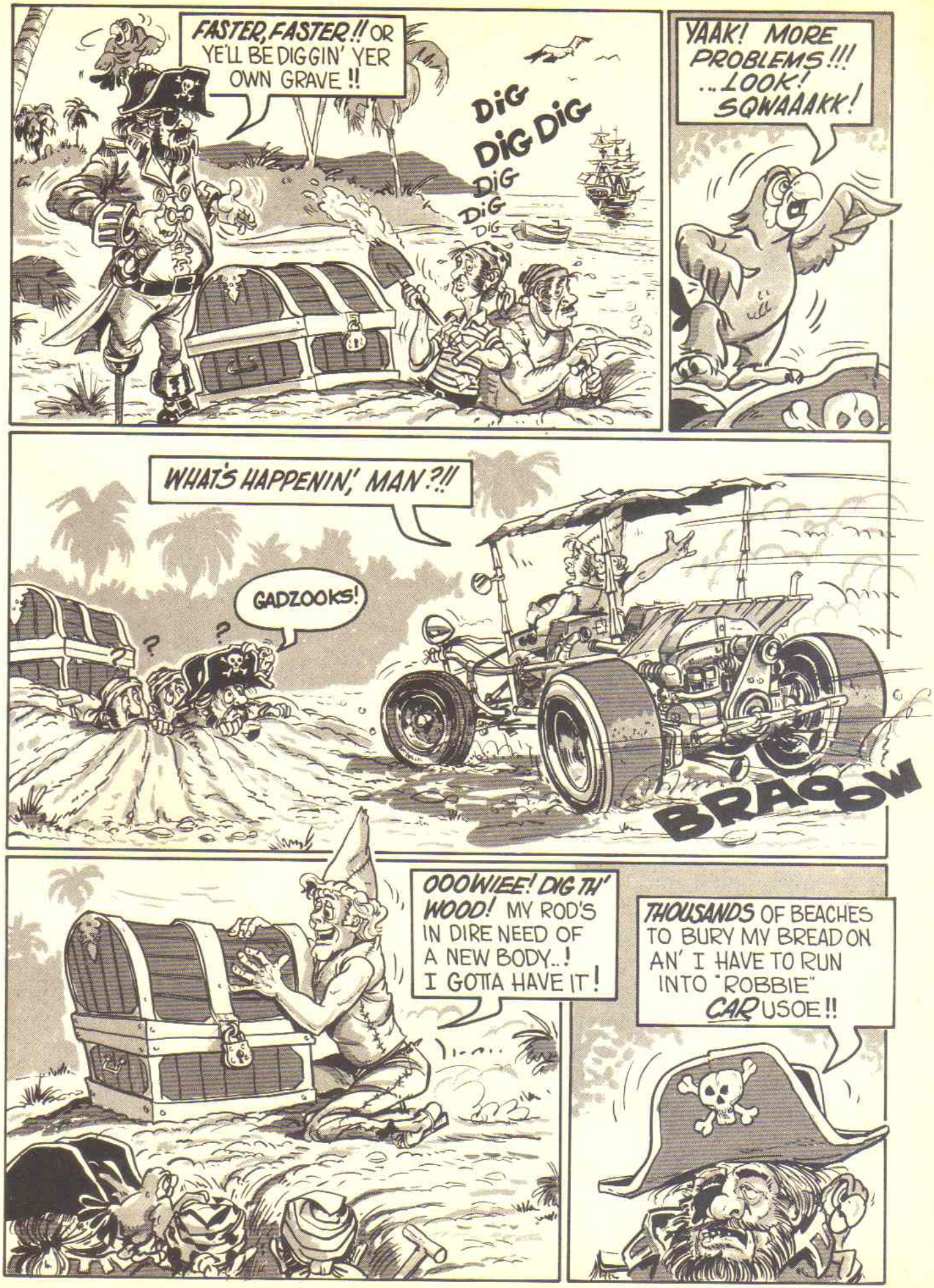
—— Sure you would . . . by our Dutch Master, FELIX ROOSENSTEIN, in Holland.




11
ETC
FLIX

THE MOTLEY CREW



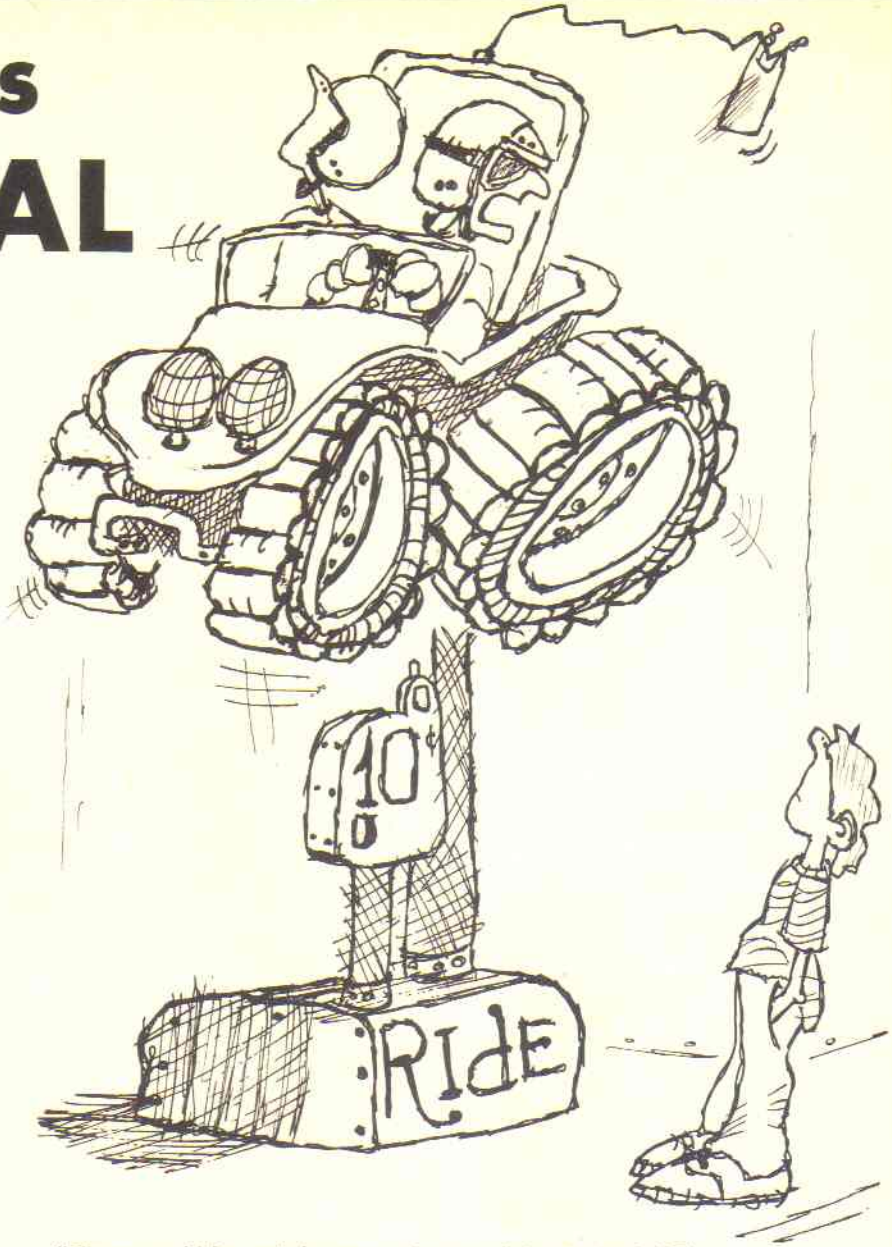

FASTER, FASTER!! OR YE'LL BE DIGGIN' YER OWN GRAVE!!
DIG DIG DIG DIG DIG
YAAK! MORE PROBLEMS!!! ...LOOK! SQWAAAKK!
WHAT'S HAPPENIN', MAN?!!
GADZOOKS!
BRAOOW
OOOWIEE! DIG TH' WOOD! MY ROD'S IN DIRE NEED OF A NEW BODY..! I GOTTA HAVE IT!
THOUSANDS OF BEACHES TO BURY MY BREAD ON AN' I HAVE TO RUN INTO "ROBBIE" CARUSOE!!

SQWAAK! CAP'N! HER MAJESTY JUST SCUTTLED OUR SCOW!
PLEASE, CAP'N,.. I'VE ALWAYS WANTED A WOODIE BODY!
NO! AN' IF I HAD A PLANK HANDY, YOU'D WALK IT!
CAP'N... TH' FUZZ-FLEETS COMIN' ASHORE!
..HOWEVER, YOR A GOOD LAD, ROBBIE.... QUICK MATIES... FIX HIS CRATE!
AYE, CAP'N!
..AN' STOW TH' LOOT IN TH' BUGGIES BILGE...!
Some time later
COME ON, YA LANDLUBBER AN' LET'S SHOVE-OFF!
WOW!
GA-DOW
JINGLE
BWAAA
TINKLE
MAN.. WOTTA MOD BOD... NOW ALL I NEED IS A TUNE-UP!
YARS, ROBBIE... SHE'S RUNNIN' A MITE TOOO RICH!!
Ye Ole End

Campbell's CARNIVAL

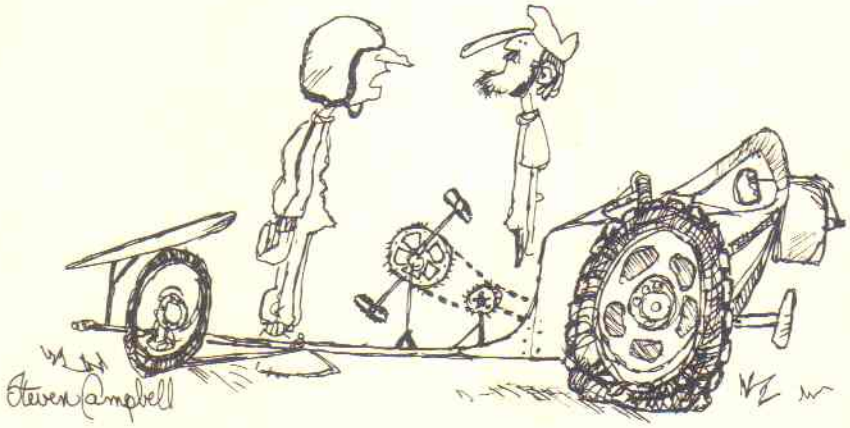
GUESS WOT this cartoonie draws with—a rusty cotter pin? screw driver? finger nail?

(Answer below)



"Git away, kid—can'tcha see we're practicin' for 'Baja'?!"

"No big thing—mine's a wrinkle-wall."



"Mills cost mor'n I figgured."

(A blunt banana, silly.)

THE "BIG SCOOP!"
WHAT DO YOU THINK ARTY?
THE OWNERS OF THE UNDEFEATED, WINNINGEST, JET CAR...' BIG SCOOP!.. WILL PAY $10,000.00 TO ANY CAR (MALE OR FEMALE) THAT BEATS IT IN A QUARTER MILE DRAGRACE TODAY!! HOWZABOUT IT?
I CHECKED UP AND FOUND OUT THAT CRATE ONLY TURNS IN THE EIGHTS! WE'RE CRANKIN' LOW SEVENS!
SO A MATCH RACE IS SET...
THIS FULL-LOCK, SIDEWAYS WHEELSTAND ISN'T HELPIN' THINGS MUCH, BUT I STILL PULLED A 100 YARD HOLE SHOT ON THAT JET CAR!
BA
AAA
SCORE
SCRREEE
WOOAH! I'M BEING SUCKED INTO HIS INTAKE!
HERE HE COMES!
ZEEE
ZOOEEEEE
AKK!
EEK!
CHOMP! CHERNMONCH!
WHEN WILL THEY EVER LEARN!
POWERED BY LOCKED
STAMP!
BRUNO

Normally I don't stop for an extra passenger, but how does one say 'no' to a springer spaniel?

That's doggone nice of ya.

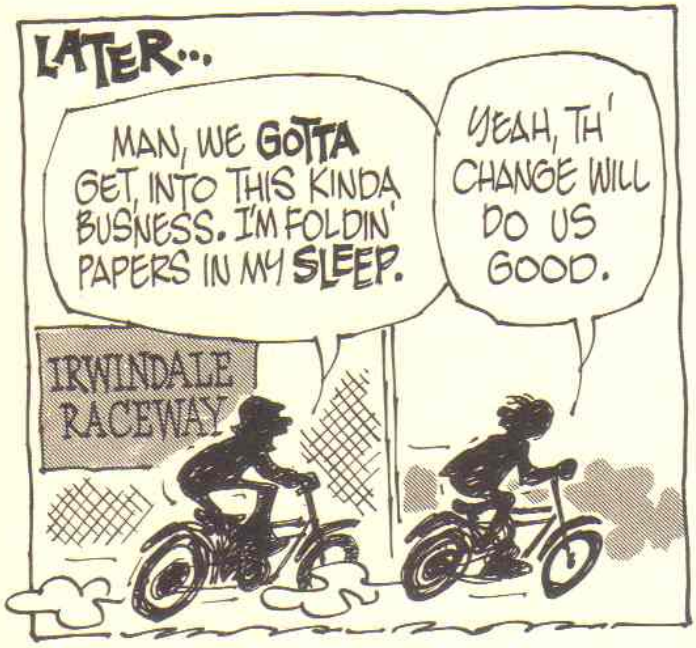
The Gravy Train company—and hurry!

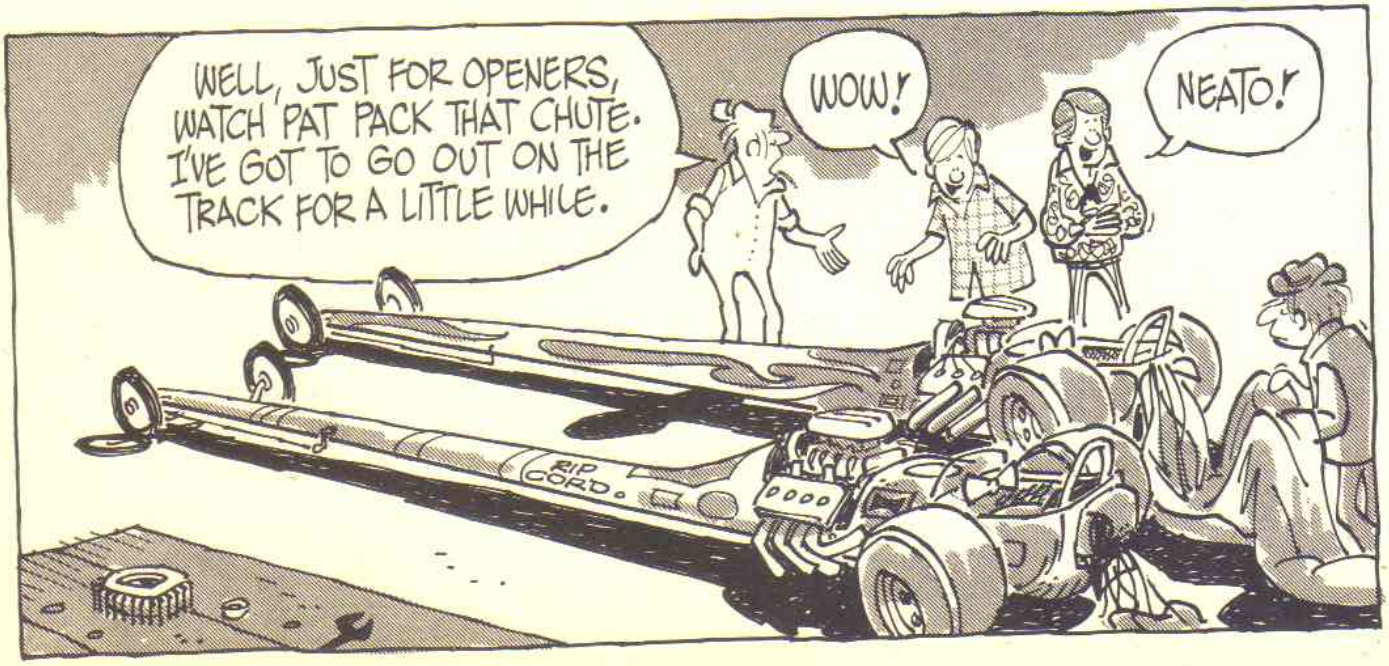
TAXI

The I DON'T GET IT Dept.

I don't either.

NO LIMIT TO TALENT





YOU GUYS KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT 'FOLDING'?...
DO WE!!

GREAT... THAT'LL SAVE A LOTTA TIME. FOLD AN' PACK THE CHUTES FOR THOSE TWO RAILS. WE'RE GONNA ROMP 'EM THRU TH' QUARTER T'DAY.
RIGHT!
NO SWEAT!

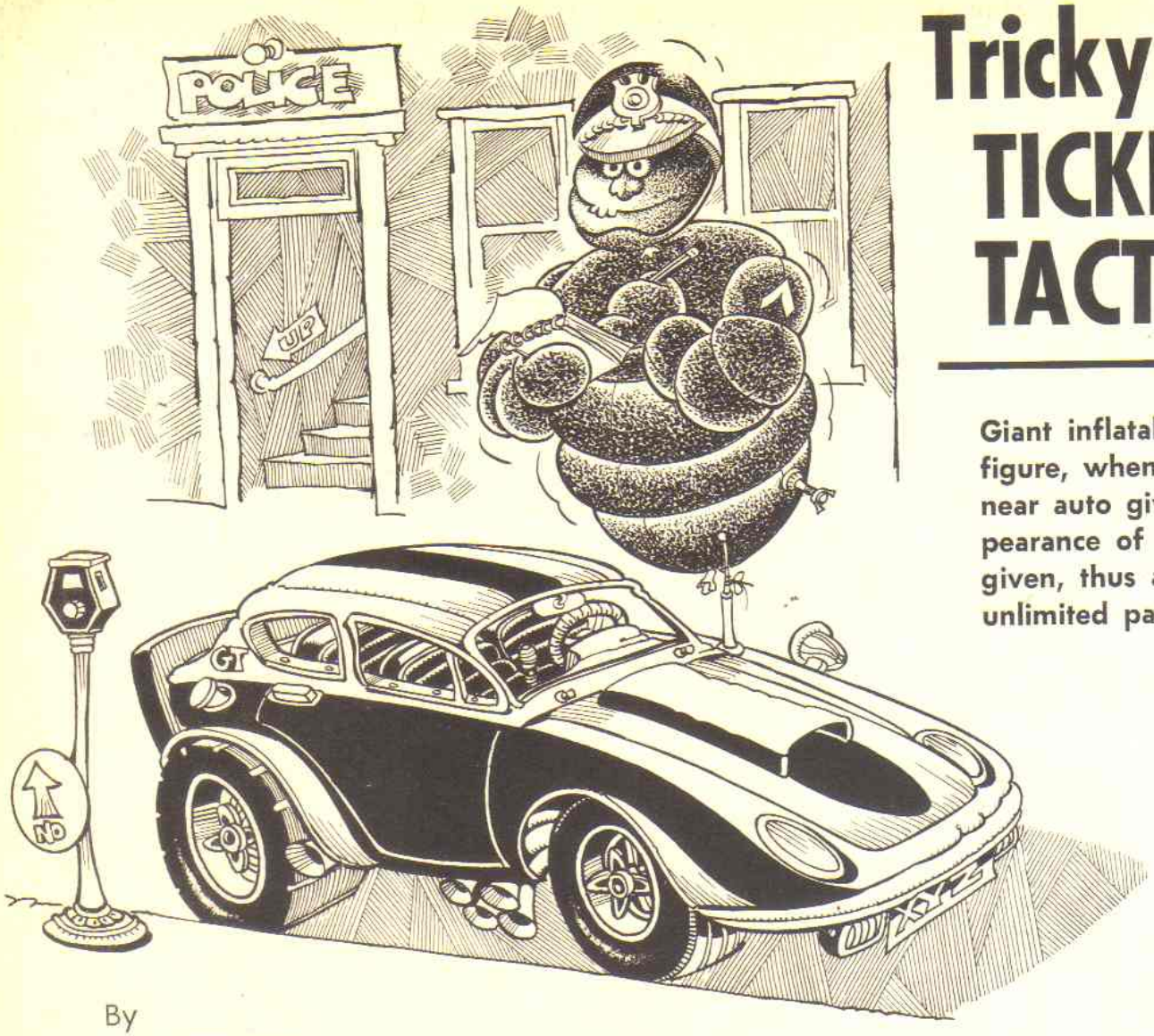
LATER... ON THE LINE...
WE'VE FOUND OUR NEW CAREER, MAN!
I CAN'T HEAR YOU BUT IF I READ YOUR LIPS RIGHT... YEAH!
RUMP RUMPP RUMPPP RUMMPPP
SPARK PLUGS
RIP CORD

FINISH
FLUP
FLUP

LATER...
HMMM... CHANGIN' TIRES, FILLIN' TANKS... THERE MUST BE SOMETHIN' WE COULD DO...
SURE... IF, WE WERENT BANNED FROM THE TRACK!

-END-

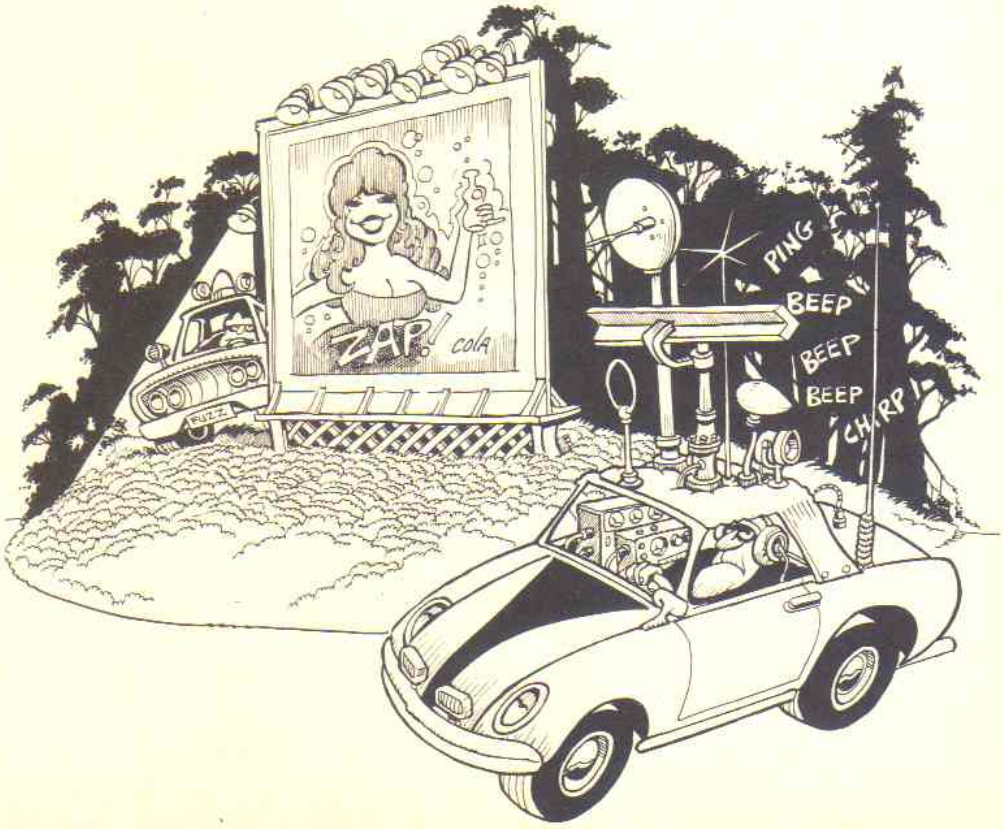
Tricky TICKET TACTICS



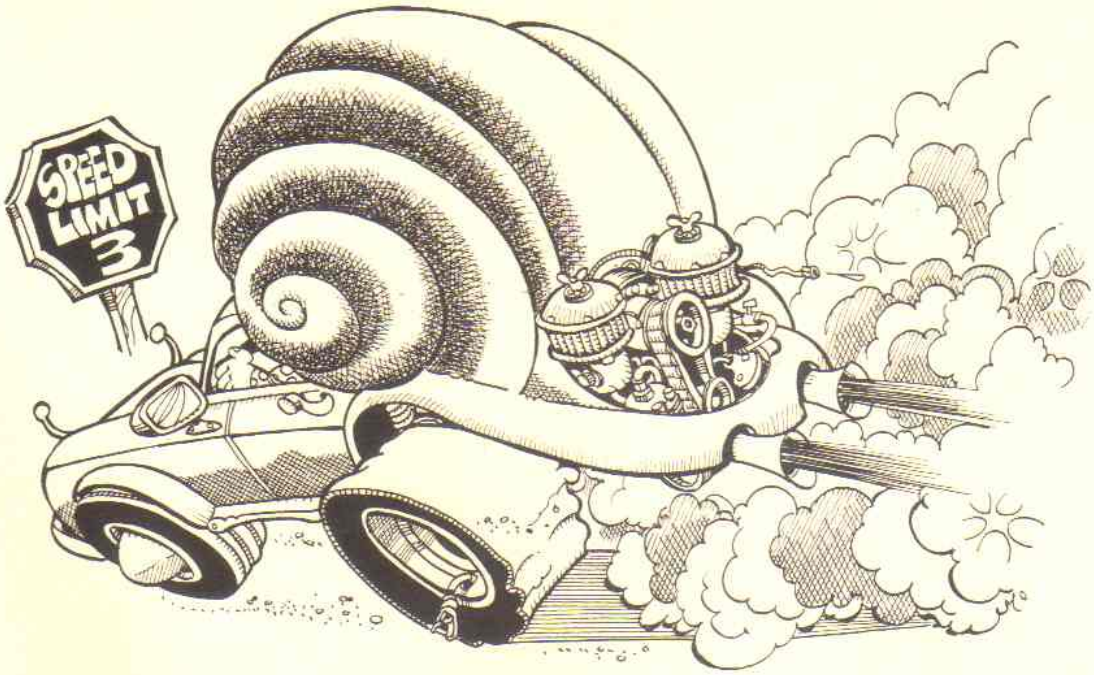
Giant inflatable fuzz figure, when placed near auto gives the appearance of ticket being given, thus allowing unlimited parking.

By
HAL ROBINSON

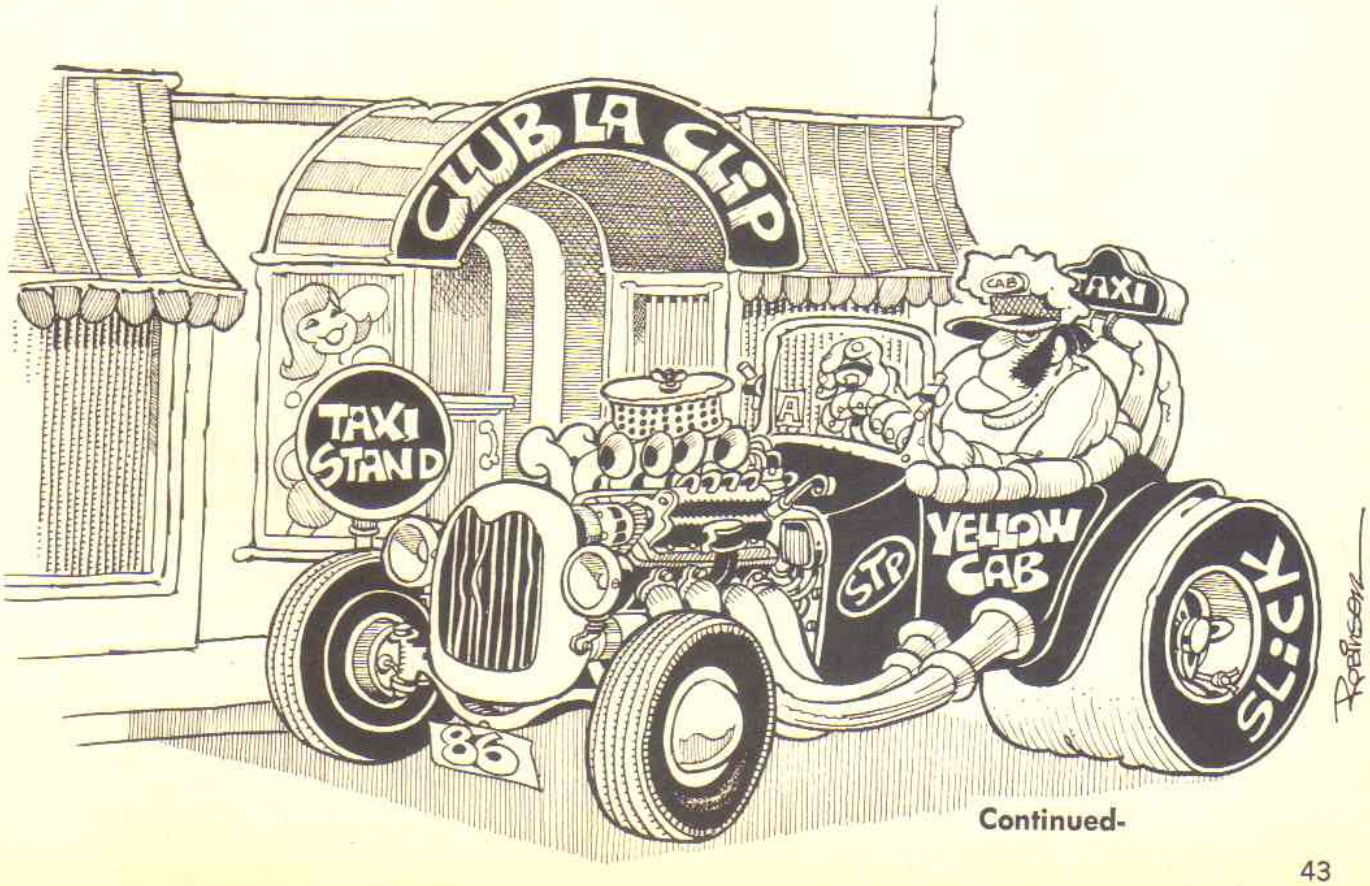
This radar device has proven effective in locating and avoiding speed traps. Also bulky equipment slows down vehicle to the point where it cannot exceed speed limit.



Unusual body (spun zinc) gives this weirdo vehicle the appearance of traveling at slow speeds, thus avoiding costly speeding tickets.

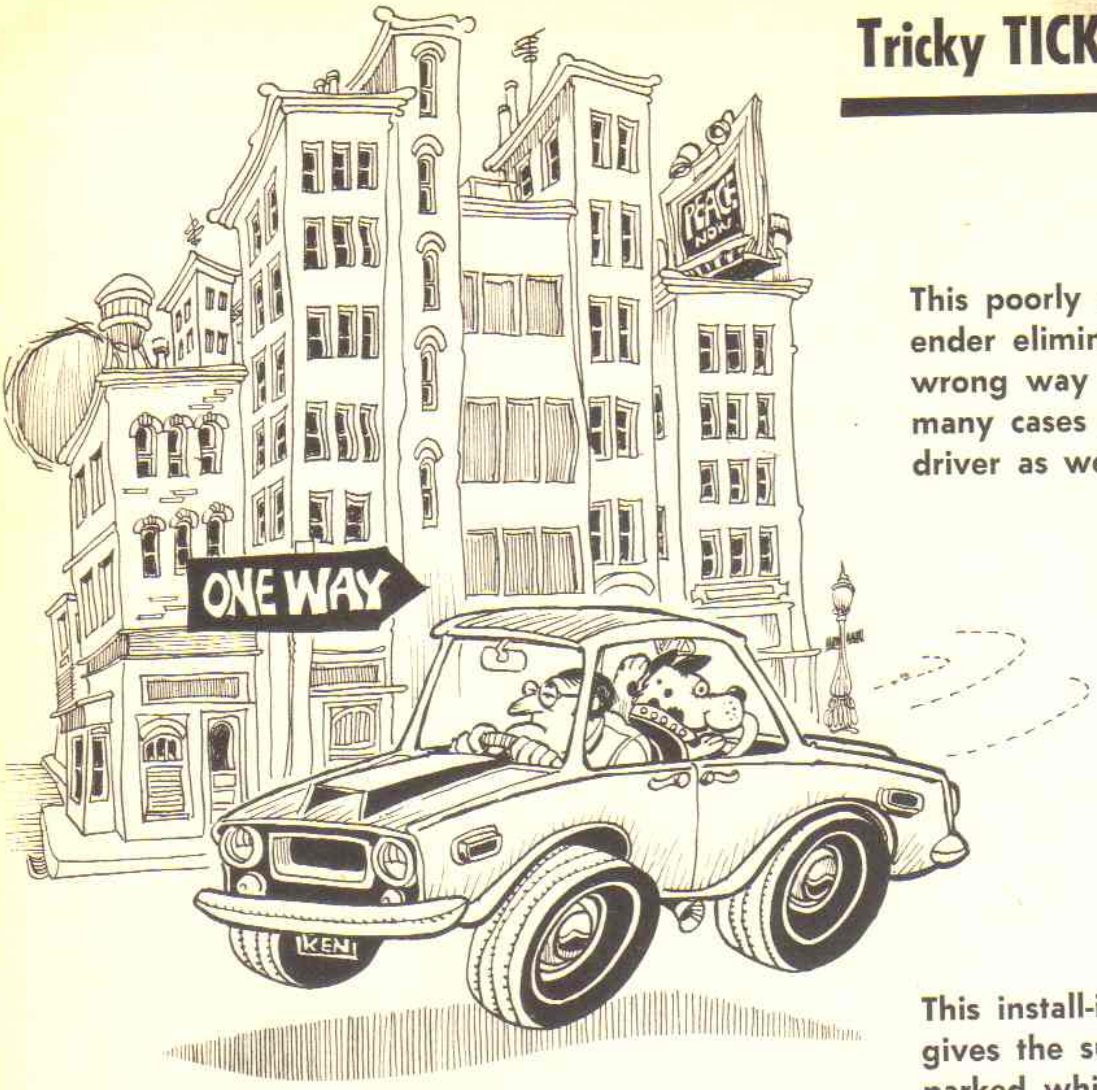


Inexpensive decals will disguise your car as a taxi, allowing you to park in otherwise prohibited zones. Cab driver uniform also helps.



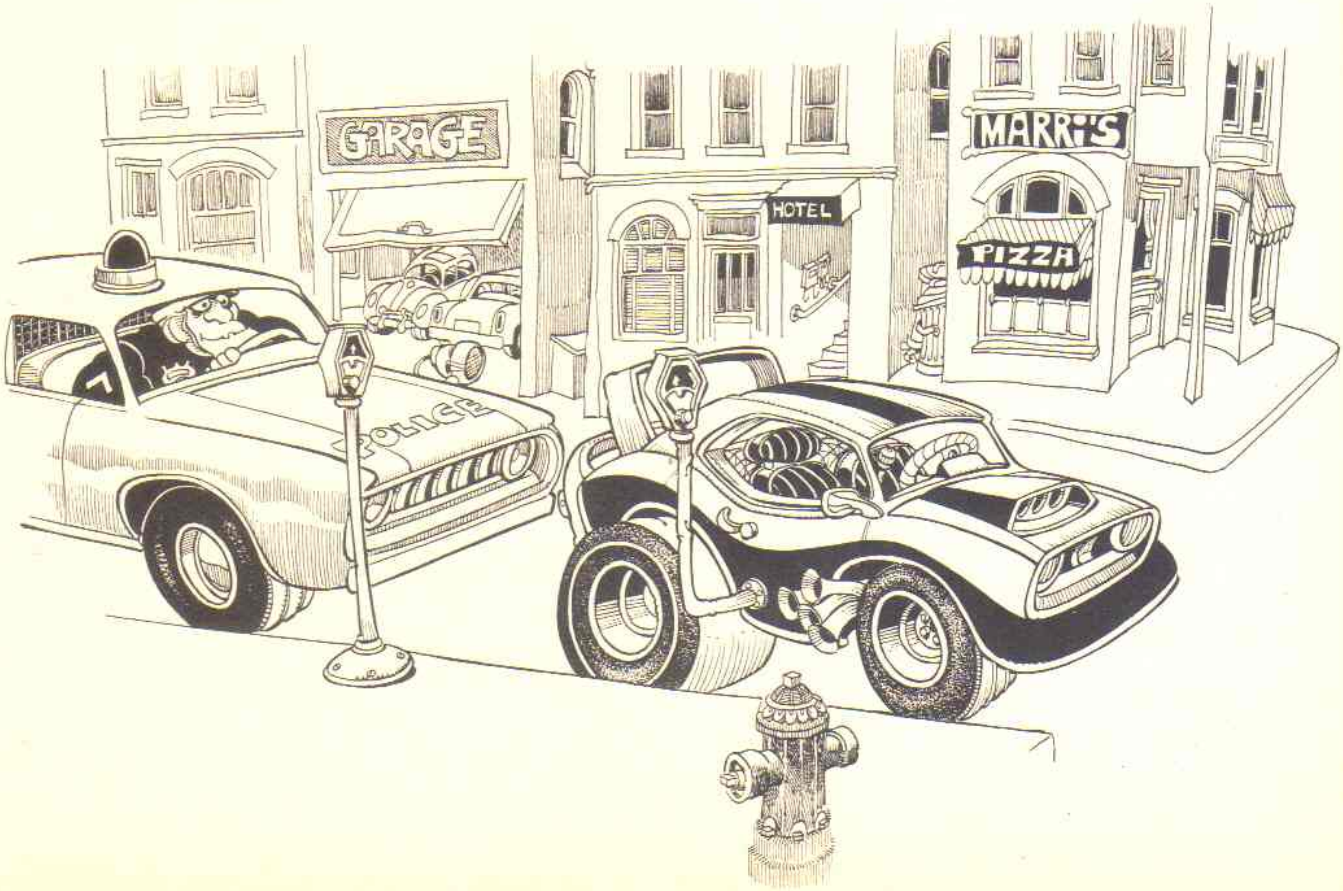
Continued-

Tricky TICKET TACTICS



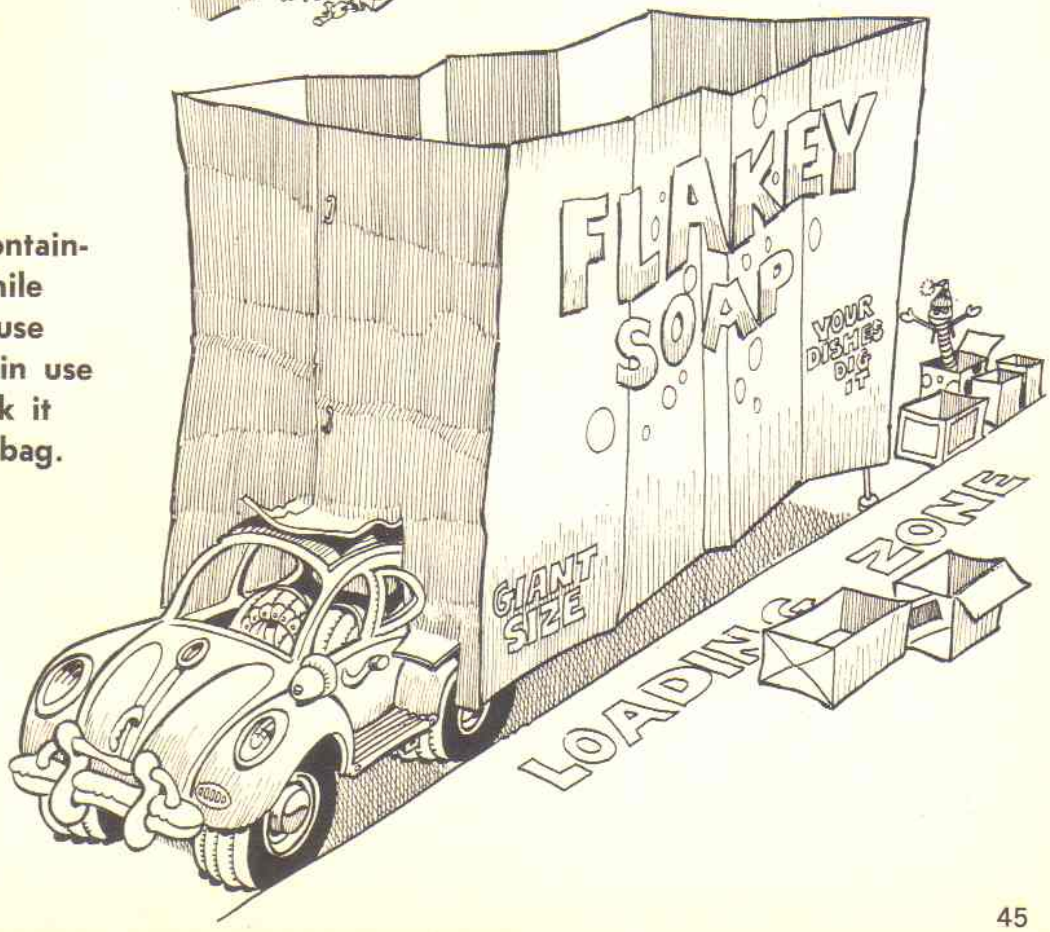
This poorly designed double-ender eliminates tickets for wrong way driving, and in many cases eliminates the driver as well.

This install-it-yourself meter prop gives the sure-fire illusion of being parked while speeding.

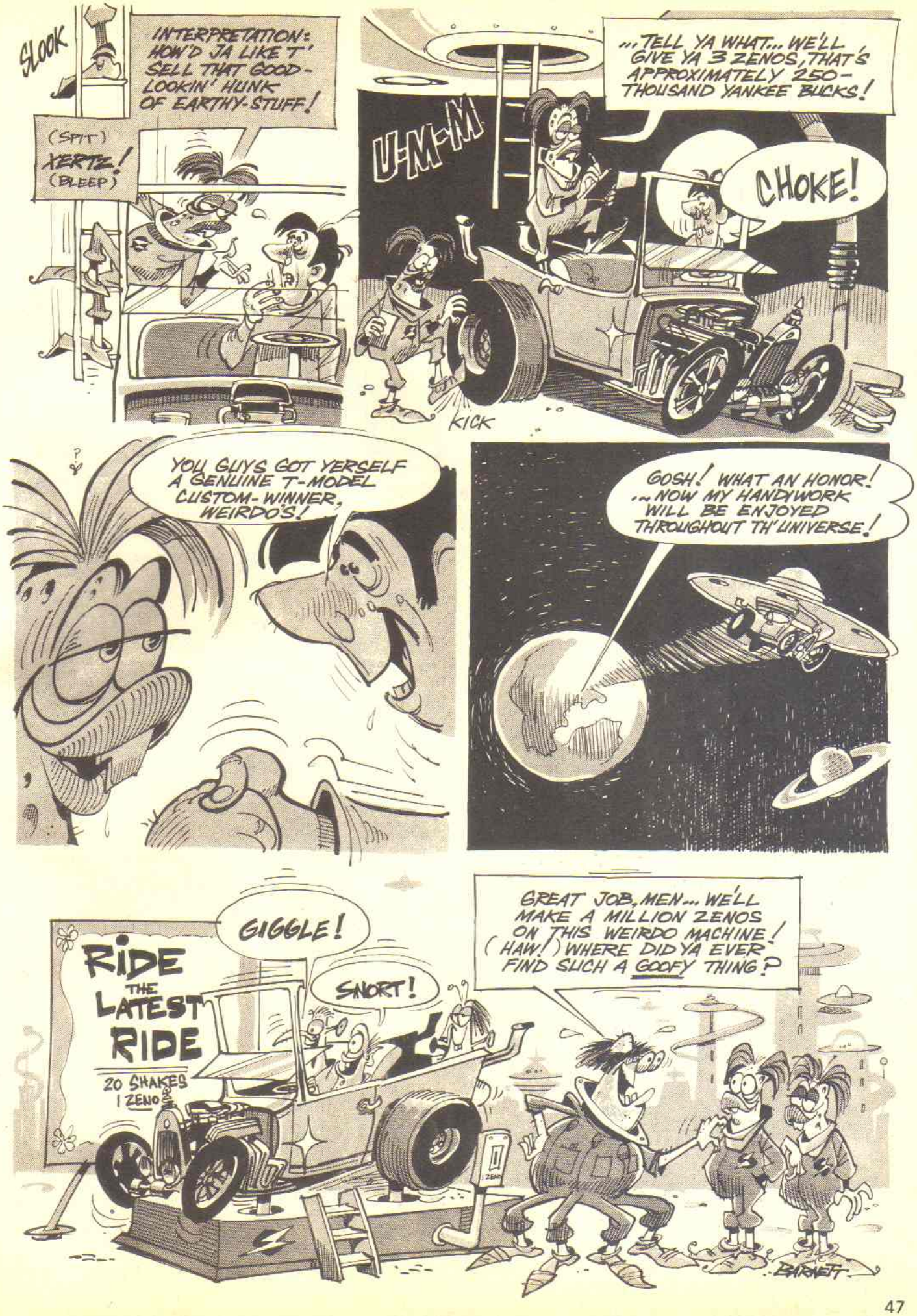


This sneaky, simple, yet smart device paints curb covering "No Parking" sign.

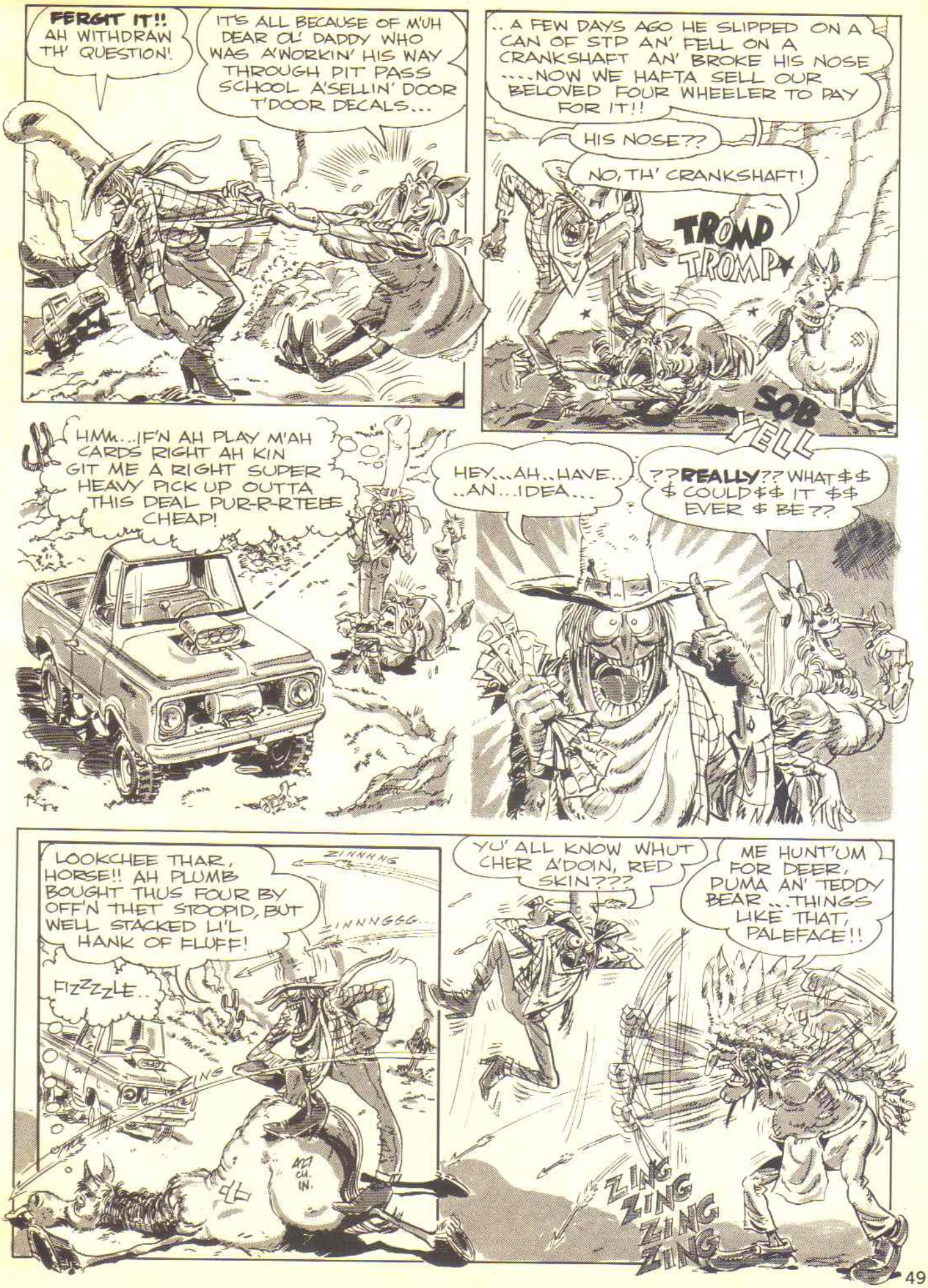
Huge cardboard container can be used while parking in warehouse district. When not in use fold it up and pack it in trunk. It's your bag.



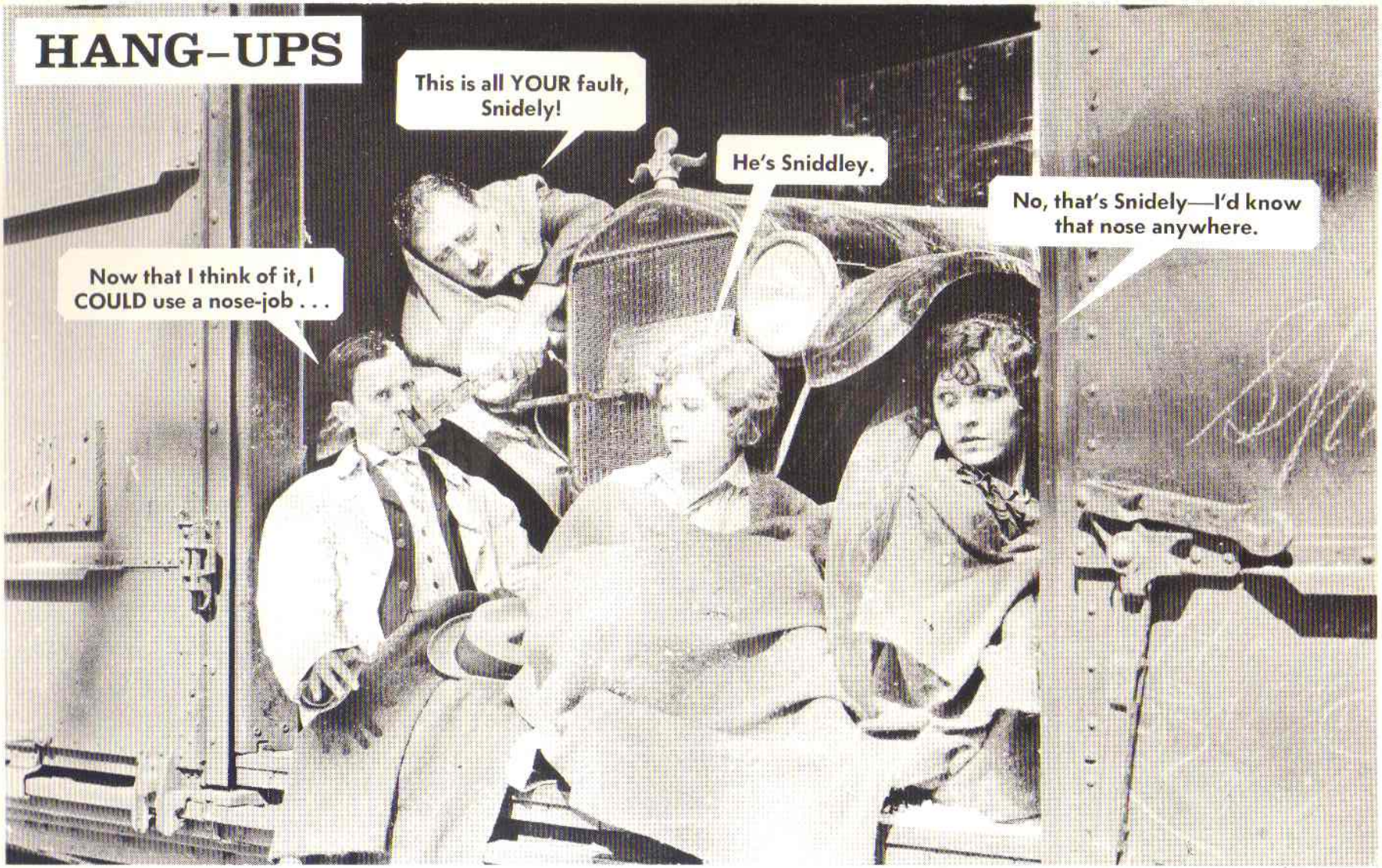
CELESTIAL CUSTOM
CONGRATULATIONS, KID, YOU'VE WALKED AWAY WITH THIS YEAR'S CUSTOM SHOW... AN' HERE'S TH' BREAD FOR YOUR SWEEPSTAKES GOODIE!
WOW, WHAT A GREAT FEELING... TAKIN' HOME TH' BACON FER TH' TOP JEWEL ON WHEELS!
FLATT
...(SIGH) I COULD END UP AS THE BEST ROD AN' CUSTOM BUILDER ON THIS PLANET!
GLUCK-A-GXTZ!
WA-A-A-A-A
GERTZ-T-GLOOK!!
....OR....
...BLEEP!..."THAT'S SOME SCREAMING YELLOW ZONKER YA GOT THAR, BOOBY... BLEEP!
UMM POP
SHADES OF CHROME! ...IT'S A THINGIE!
BLINK
KLUNK


SLOOK
INTERPRETATION: HOW'D JA LIKE T' SELL THAT GOOD-LOOKIN' HUNK OF EARTHY-STUFF!
(SPIT) XERTZ! (BLEEP)
...TELL YA WHAT... WE'LL GIVE YA 3 ZENOS, THAT'S APPROXIMATELY 250-THOUSAND YANKEE BUCKS!
U-M-M
CHOKE!
KICK
YOU GUYS GOT YERSELF A GENUINE T-MODEL CUSTOM-WINNER, WEIRDO'S!
GOSH! WHAT AN HONOR! ...NOW MY HANDIWORK WILL BE ENJOYED THROUGHOUT TH' UNIVERSE!
GIGGLE!
SNORT!
GREAT JOB, MEN... WE'LL MAKE A MILLION ZENOS ON THIS WEIRDO MACHINE! (HAW!) WHERE DIDYA EVER FIND SUCH A GOOFY THING?
RIDE THE LATEST RIDE
20 SHAKES & 1 ZENO
BARNETT

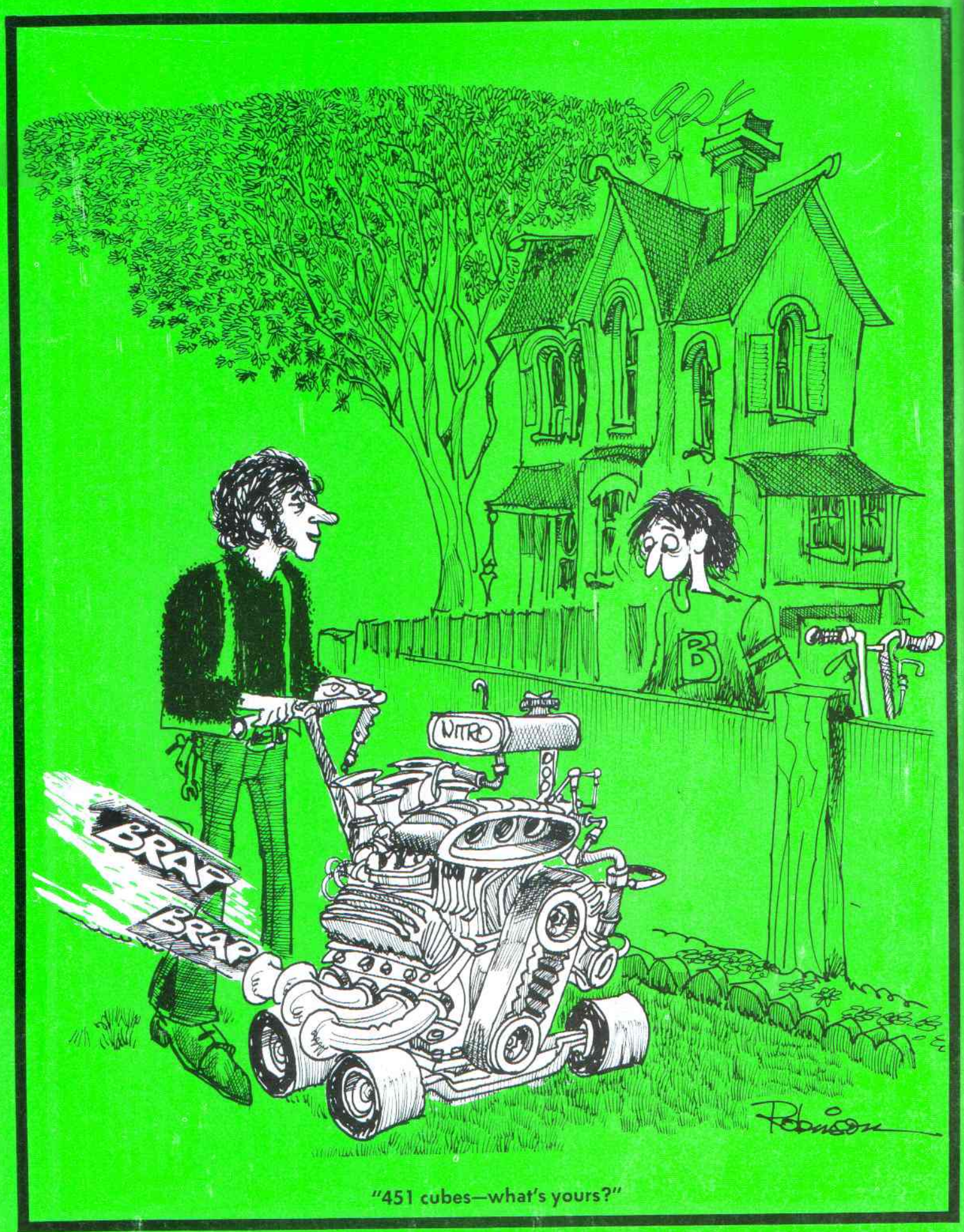
PANT
PANT
PANT
LECHEROUS OL'
RAYMOND RANCID
IN A 4 WHEEL DRIVE SAGA OF SNICKERS
RATED XXX
STP
RANCID HONEY ...YO' IS SO ALL FIRED GREEDY EYED!!
I'VE NEVER SEEN YO' THIS WAY B'FORE, RANCID JUST WHY ARE YO' ALL A'CHASIN' ME ??
ON ACCOUNT OF YO' PARKED YER DUMB 4 WHEEL DRIVE ON M'UH HORSE!! DANG IT ALL!!
AH WAS A'GOIN' T'HAVE A BARROOM BRAWL ... DIG UH INDIAN MASSA'CREEE AN' VISIT A STAMPEDE T'DAY AND NOW AH GOT A SORE HORSE!
AWWWWW POOOOR HORSIE!!
SIMMER DOWN, RANCID! BY MOVING MY LI'L OL' TRUCK I KIN FIX EVERYTHIN'!!
VRM M
THERE NOW!! I'LL KISS HORSIE AND MAKE HIM ALL WELL AGAIN!
MGGGG
CRAWRATZA
OOOPSIES!!
WHUT'SA NICE GAL LIKE YO' DOIN' WITH A ROCKET LIKE THIS ANYWAYS??
SNIFF
WHIMPER
SNIFF SNIFF


FERGIT IT!! AH WITHDRAW TH' QUESTION!
IT'S ALL BECAUSE OF M'UH DEAR OL' DADDY WHO WAS A'WORKIN' HIS WAY THROUGH PIT PASS SCHOOL A'SELLIN' DOOR T'DOOR DECALS...
..A FEW DAYS AGO HE SLIPPED ON A CAN OF STP AN' FELL ON A CRANKSHAFT AN' BROKE HIS NOSE ....NOW WE HAFTA SELL OUR BELOVED FOUR WHEELER TO PAY FOR IT!!
HIS NOSE??
NO, TH' CRANKSHAFT!
TROMP TROMP
SOB YELL
HMM...IF'N AH PLAY M'AH CARDS RIGHT AH KIN GIT ME A RIGHT SUPER HEAVY PICK UP OUTTA THIS DEAL PUR-R-RTEEE CHEAP!
HEY...AH..HAVE.. ..AN...IDEA...
??REALLY?? WHAT$$ $ COULD$$ IT $$ EVER $ BE??
LOOKCHEE THAR, HORSE!! AH PLUMB BOUGHT THUS FOUR BY OFF'N THET STOOPID, BUT WELL STACKED LI'L HANK OF FLUFF!
ZINNNNG
ZINNNGGG...
FIZZZZLE..
ZING
YU' ALL KNOW WHUT CHER A'DOIN, RED SKIN???
ME HUNT'UM FOR DEER, PUMA AN' TEDDY BEAR...THINGS LIKE THAT, PALEFACE!!
ZING ZING ZING ZING

WULL..I DUNNO HOW TO PUT IT, INDIAN, BUT WE AINT NONE OF THEM MENTIONED.
I JUST TRY HARDER, I GUESS.
HUNTING LOT OF KICKS!! WHITE MAN OUGHT TO GET HOBBY LIKE ME!
AH HAVE ONE, INDIAN ...EVERYDAY 'BOUT THIS TIME AH RIDE M'AH HORSE INTO TH' MILKSHAKE SALOON WITH M'AH GUN'ZA BLAZIN AN' ORDER A DOUBLE TOOTIE FRUITIE!
TIC TIC
TIC TIC TIC
HEM HEDS
TODAY IS GONNA BE DIFFERENT ON ACCOUNT OF INSTEAD OF M'AH HORSE AH'M A'RIDIN' IN ON M'AH NEW TRUCK H'YAR!
BANG
YOU UH BFFID??
MILKSHAKE SALOON
BANG
BANG
BANG
MILKSHAKE SALOON
HIC
HIC
HIC
DID'JA (HIC) NOTICE ANYTHIN' DIFF'RNT 'BOUT RANCID'S (HIC) HORRSH, BRUNO?
NO,.. IT'SH TH' SHAME OL' HORRSH ASH ALWAYSH... FOUR RUBBER TIRED HOOVES AN' UH ARROW IN ITSH BUG CATCHER...
HIC
HIC
The End
THIS HAS BEEN AN INTERNAL COMBUSTION PRODUCTION
CAST OF CHARACTERS
RAY .... ROD GAST
GAL ... ZERKIE BLOTZ
HORSH .. NED DOGOOD
GEN'RL ... LI'L ABN'R
HITCH HIKER .. NUMB THUMB
TAMBOURINE PLAYER ... ZAZAFRATZ
ASPIRIN .. PENNZOIL



Car buffs, Snidely and Sniddley, not only put sweat, tears, heart and soul into their car, they also sank their entire bankroll into getting their T in prize winning shape for the annual auto show. Thus, no bread left for trailering their entry to the faraway show stadium. Their wives, visibly disenchanted, only agreed to the trip (which wasn't their trip) in hopes of finding a quickie divorce lawyer. Last minute free-bee travel accommodations were made by sneaky Snidely with his personal agreement with the cattle car railway company that he would display their decal on their car at the show event. As fate would have it, they were arrested at the first train stop for impersonating Texas Longhorns.



"451 cubes—what's yours?"